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Semi-Monthly

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Contents for January 15, 1897.

NOTES

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REVIEWS

NOTES

ALL the papers are saying that Mr. Barrie's life of his mother is a most winning piece of writing, delicate in workmanship, pious and loving in intention; a charming picture of a charming old lady, and so on. It may be all that and more. But it is time vigorously to protest against the compilation of such books and the methods that are used to push their sale. Are there to be no limits? Is the sanctity of private life quite played out? Are we to expect that every popular author, still under forty, with the reasonable expectation of twenty years' work in him and not yet risen to the plenitude of his power, shall invite the many-headed beast into his drawing room and play the part of the clever showman? Are we to look for a sketch of Mr. Crockett's sister and Ian Maclaren's aunt and Conan Doyle's pet poodle? We had thought better things of Mr. Barrie. He must know perfectly well that his book is everywhere being advertised not as a piece of literature but as a portrait of Mr. Barrie's mother by Mr. Barrie. On the strength of a reputation gained in legitimate fiction, his publishers are booming his last work as a choice morsel of glorified personal gossip. Mr. Barrie's conscience is no doubt quite easy; his intentions, it is easy to believe, were of the most reverently filial description. But there must be something offensive to his modesty in the advertising arts that are making the purely personal interest of the book overshadow everything else. He has only himself to blame for it. He has deliberately turned himself into a literary undertaker and sent out invita-

tions to a public funeral. It is one thing to write a book about your mother and conceal her identity until its success as a work of art is assured. It is quite another thing to write a book about your mother and expect it to sell simply because it is about your mother and you are an author in whom the world is interested. Mr. Barrie seems to us to have set a vicious example. The action he has taken, or allowed his publishers to take, is undignified, unworthy of his reputation and altogether opposed to the best interests of literature.

¶The Seats of the Mighty: At the Knickerbocker Theatre, in New York, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has produced Mr. Gilbert Parker's own adaptation of his novel; and rather contrary to expectation that perverse kitten, whose jump means so much, has this time taken the other direction. Those who do not know the book, wonder what the play is about; those who do know the book, wonder what the actors are about, and there is a consequent dissatisfaction all around which is a dangerous malady for our infant drama to encounter. I imagine the trouble is this, or something very like it: Mr. Parker knew his people so well himself that he did not realize in his finished play where they were indefinite and incomplete. He did not realize that in cutting out the descriptions and introspections of his written novel, he was cutting out the brains and hearts of his people, and only leaving their clothes and their actions. Or perhaps being new at the craft of playmaking (for I take it that writing a play is an art, and making one a craft) he did not realize how very clear and defined the personages in a play must be to be understood in the distances of a theatre, sometimes four galleries high, with many mental balconies even further distant. In making Book People into Play People you must give them something in return for what you take from them and the ability to do that—without being found out—is what makes the most successful adapters of books. All the writing of Mr. Parker's play is delightful, and the dialogue is spoken speech, not written speech, which shows that the author has one of the most important requisites of a dramatist, and his play is, as may well be imagined, full of incident and situation. But he left the human interest of his novel between its covers and the scenes did not follow each other easily. The story was too often being left behind or run away from temporarily at right angles. Mr. Parker is as yet master of the Paragraph rather than of the Scene, of the Chapter rather than of the Act. Sometimes actors

supply the deficiencies of a play, vitalize their characters for themselves. Mr. Tree and his company of players did not. On the contrary they added little deficiencies of their own. In a sentence, the book was interesting, the play is not.

To even matters Mr. Tree has since produced "Trilby," and the recognition which his Svengali received from the critical and the general public is a splendid example of unprejudiced opinion. Of course, it is an old axiom that art has no nationality, but it is seldom adhered to. France says almost openly, "We are satisfied with our painting and literature and acting. We have no room for anything here but French art." The pictures of foreign artists that hang in the Luxemburg are only the exceptional proofs of what I say. Take Whistler's case, for example. As a visitor in Paris he was fêted, but when he was flattered into taking a studio and came to live in the rue du Bac, he found little wooden chips on most of the Frenchmen's shoulders. England gives much more of a welcome to other nations, but as a general rule she sees to it that the stranger remembers always he is a guest and not a member of the family. Especially is this so in things theatrical. I believe had we sent to England a rival Svengali, no matter how good, there would have been a chorus loud and emphatic for Tree. Here in New York there was the chorus on him, too, but because we honestly acknowledged his was a performance far superior to the original interpretation. Not that Mr. Lackaye's was not good; it was splendid! But Beerbohm Tree's was something finer than that. Lackaye's Svengali was assumed from the outside. Tree's was inside and worked its effect naturally. Lackaye's was theatrical, dramatic; Tree's intellectual, artistic, and yet with its full values dramatically. Tree takes any rôle of his and makes a kaleidoscope of it, fills it with countless details; but they all harmonize, and whichever way you turn your gaze upon it, it makes a complete picture. Mr. Tree cannot take a wooden lay figure, as was proved in "The Seats of the Mighty," and imbue it with heart and life. This Lackaye can do, by his full, vigorous nature and temperament. But give Tree the living body and he will make it a thousand times more interesting. He has, as it were, a magician's wand in his clever brain, by which he can transfer dullness into brilliancy, endow the commonplace with genius.

¶ The University of Oxford, always fifty years behind the times, has only just ducked its first journalist. But the circumstances of this sacrilege are so piquant and peculiar that we may pardon the University its lengthy deference to the inviolate character of the Press. Its sudden conversion has proved such a brilliant success that all past heresies ought to be overlooked in an international fervor of congratulation. In general, University journalism in England, from the days of Thackeray's "Snob" down to our own times, though vague and intermittent, has been

of an astonishingly high standard. The merely college magazines that flutter unsteadily, butterfly-fashion, for a term or two and then die out, have not been superlatively good, but the steady representative journals—"The Magazine," at Oxford and "The Granta," at Cambridge—always give one some amusing reading. "The Granta," by the bye, is the property of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, the gentleman who out of pure love of rowing has undertaken the coaching of the Harvard boat and been foully libelled by the *New York Herald* for his pains. From "The Oxford Magazine" have come many good things; the best of them being "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine," a collection of humorous verse which has run through several editions and can be read with pleasure even by those who have their Calverley by heart. Among minor Oxford magazines, "The Isis," started, I believe some four or five years ago, is the most prominent. It has taken on rather a more personal tone than Oxford has usually encouraged in its journals, printing skits on the college authorities that have not always been in the best taste. It was one of these skits, a character-sketch of Dr. Paget, the Dean of Christ Church, most reverend of University dignitaries, that roused the Junior Common Room of Christ Church to the point of offering personal violence to the author. The basis of their action was a letter written by Mr. March Vaughan, the Oxford editor, to the contributor in question. It is rather interesting to note, as an example of journalistic reticence, that the name of this contributor has not been given in any of the English papers; though we are told that he is the son of a west of England knight and that since his ducking he has seen fit to remove his name—whatever it may be—from the college books. The letter he received from the Oxford editor ran as follows: "I am anxious to treat the Dean of Christ Church to an 'idol'—the title given to the sketches—"in the 'Isis' next week. Might I ask if you will undertake to write it? Of course the authorship shall be closely concealed, should you wish it. But we wish the 'idol' to be as strong as possible, without bringing us into the libel court."

The "idol" made its appearance and Dr. Paget was duly pilloried. Wherein lay the especial offensiveness of the article I do not know, but the Christ Church Junior Common Room at once met and "unanimously resented the behavior of a man who meanly instigated a vulgar attack on a gentleman who had never given him cause for offense." Mr. March Vaughan, the Oxford editor, being in delicate health, they showed their resentment by seizing the luckless contributor—himself a member of their own college—and soundly ducking him in the pond which stands in the centre of Tom Quad, thenceforward an object of interest to visitors to Christ Church. They then called on Mr. Vaughan and drove him in a cab to the Common Room, where a large number of undergraduates were collected to

inform him, with the happy unrestraint of youth, precisely what they thought of him. A torch was placed in his hands and he was forced to set fire to the offending copy of his own paper. A written apology, with a promise that it should appear in the next number of the 'Isis' was also demanded of him, and the unhappy editor had to sit down in the presence of his ferocious tyrants and compose one. It certainly lacked nothing in the completeness of its humility when finished. "The 'Idol' that appeared in last week's issue of the 'Isis' has, I regret to say, given considerable offense to members of the House. Under the circumstances it is therefore necessary to apologise—firstly to the Dean (the subject of the 'Idol') and to the Senior Censor, and then to the members of the House generally. To the Dean we do not now give an apology in extenso, as a letter has been written to him. To the members we would say that we hope the unfortunate article will be forgiven and, if possible, forgotten."

It will be the endeavour of the editors in future not to insert any matter that could be taken exception to. To our general readers, therefore, we apologise for this unhappy 'Idol.' We now recognise that it was in the very worst taste and regret that it should have been inserted in the 'Isis.' "

¶[What the Christ Church Junior Common Room thought of Mr. Vaughan as he read out this apology to them can only be guessed at. What were the opinions of the real editor, Mr. Mostyn Pigott, who manages the paper from the security of London, we are able to estimate more clearly, for he expressed them in the 'Isis' with delicious candor: "A Christ Church 'rag'," he says, "is not a thing to be sneezed at. It is now written upon History's page that the assistant editor of the 'Isis' has submitted to manual torch and mental torture, and that a contributor to the paper has fallen a victim to the House's mercurial methods. The editor alone walks the earth uncastigated. It therefore remains for him dropping for a moment the editorial 'we,' to state his views upon the burning question of the hour—The 'idol' was duly sent to me and after careful perusal I came to the conclusion it would 'do.' It did not appear irresistibly mirth-provoking, nor did it seem to be exactly an epoch-making production from a literary point of view; it did not suggest venom; it pointed rather to chaff, its flippant criticism being, I considered, amply atoned for by the candid commendation of the concluding sentence. It just seemed in fact to 'do'; and it has done—a lot. What I particularly wished to clearly point out is that I am solely responsible for its production, for if I had not given my sanction the article would not have appeared in the 'Isis'——. I cannot for the life of me see anything in the article to justify all this infantile fuss.—With regard to the lynching section of Christ Church, I have only to say that I emphatically repudiate any con-

nection with the apologetic rigmarole extracted from the assistant-editor by force. I allow it to be inserted in order that his promise may not be broken; that is all. For the rest, if the new taste for paper chasing has not yet palled, the heroes of the House may be interested to hear that I am trying hard to be in Oxford on Monday night, when I shall be quite at their disposal. Meanwhile I congratulate them on having solved a problem. The difficulty of 'ragging' with impunity has long been felt, but the championship of the head of a college seems to offer a solution conspicuous alike for ingenuity and efficacy." Mr. Pigott arrived in Oxford on the Monday night but found nothing more exciting than the resignation of his assistant-editor to receive him.

¶[Lord Roseberry, who can do everything except agree with Sir William Harcourt, delivered a short time ago an enthusiastic address on Louis Stevenson at a meeting in Edinburgh, called for the purpose of erecting some memorial to his abilities. His enthusiasm, indeed, carried him a little too far in some of the epithets he used and some of the comparisons he drew. To call Stevenson "a consummate being" suggests Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe, and—as Mr. Andrew Lang took the first opportunity of insisting—he cannot, in spite of Lord Roseberry's eloquence, be seriously compared with Burns or Scott. Stevenson was one of those men who are unhappy enough to be recognized before their death; and a contemporary, once appreciated, becomes a genius. He has been a popular idol so long that in the natural course of things it will come to him to have his title to worship very generally questioned. Every college freshman can sneer at Macaulay nowadays. Stevenson has been unreasonably admired by the present generation; by the next, if he is read at all, he will be as unreasonably disparaged. However, it is right and fitting we should relieve our enthusiasm by setting up some memorial to him in Edinburgh or Samoa. It will at least provide a matter for some speculation to our descendants.

If the highest art be that which conceals itself, Stevenson cannot rank among the highest kind of artists. Lord Roseberry quoted that intensely interesting passage in which Stevenson has put on record his method of work: "I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read and one to write in. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was some conspicuous force or happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful and knew it. I tried again and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful, but at least in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony and construction and co-ordination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Words-

worth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and Obermann;" and to these he added Ruskin, Browning, Morris, Keats, Swinburne, Chaucer, Webster, Congreve and Thackeray; summing it all up by saying, "that, like it or not, is the way to write." It is certainly one way and in Stevenson's hands it was greatly successful. But it is not the only way, nor is it the best. The purest literary style is the inevitable, so unobtrusive in its perfection that you only notice it with an effort. That style is the best which results from the immediate prompting of innate power and not from laboured obedience to a theory or rule; indeed, the presence of genius or innate prompting is directly opposed to the perpetual consciousness of rule. The action of style is imperious and altogether supersedes the reflection *why* it should act. "Every man should write his own English," said Swift; only another version of Richter's dictum that no tongue is eloquent save in its own language. Swift himself was the greatest maker of style we have ever had. Reading him at his best, there seems to be nothing but print between your mind and his. Now take one of Stevenson's brilliant, graceful essays. Any body can see the style there. It is dexterous, wonderful, fascinating but assuredly not inevitable; the product of a highly finished, conscientious artificer; an exquisitely elaborated piece of mosaic but too self-conscious to be called good architecture. Compared with Swift or Goldsmith or Sir Thomas Browne or George Eliot or Ruskin or Thackeray, Stevenson is merely an agile dancing-master; a *chef* rather than an artist.

¶ *The Bookman* in its current number surpasses all known records — its own — in sheer literary stupidity. On page 413, as a prelude to a criticism on Mr. Rudyard Kipling, it lays it down that "the test of the great artist is his power to deal with quiet life in the sober daylight." The phrase itself is viciously vague but not quite so heartbreaking as the thought it is meant to convey. We have it then, as a necessary inference, that had Shakespeare written nothing but "King Lear" he would not have been a great artist; that had "The French Revolution" been Carlyle's only work, he too could not be considered a great artist; that if Zola were to destroy everything he has published except "La Debacle," the title of a great artist would have to be denied him. None of these books deals with "quiet life in the sober daylight;" yet all three are masterpieces. *The Bookman's* dictum will not bear a moment's examination. One might just as well say that the test of the great painter is his power to deal with cabbages. The criticism on Mr. Kipling that follows this astounding introduction is even more startling. *The Bookman*, with its usual pompous solemnity, announces that Mr. Kipling has "no deep sympathy with humanity, no intelligence of obscure virtue and endurance, no ear for the clash of spiritual armies" — whatever the clash of spiritual armies may be.

It is only kindness to suppose that the gentleman who wrote this has never read one line of Mr. Kipling's works. Kipling, the creator of Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd, of Wee Willie Winkie, to be told that he has "no deep sympathy with humanity!" Kipling, the singer of "Mandalay," who can take a common British soldier and make us love him and a common half-caste girl and make us feel for her and pity her, who can open up Dinah Shadd's heart for us, fill us with sympathy for the gentlemen-rankers, for Gunga Din, for Fuzzy-Wuzzy, for the struggles of a callow subaltern — to be told that he has "no intelligence of obscure virtue and endurance!" What preposterous rubbish! Such criticism would disgrace a trebly-bandaged mole. As for Mr. Kipling's verse, "he is loud," says this sapient analyst, "but is he sincere?" No comment is possible on such a question. One can only transcribe it in gasping wonderment.

¶ Although the epidemic of improvement which is now raging among the literary journals of the world has not as yet attacked all of its suitable victims, it is a pleasure to note the change it has brought about in *The Book Buyer*. Adorned with a cover of singular elegance and permeated with an air of leisurely intelligence and good breeding, it is a delight from the very beginning. To be sure, it has never been preeminently a critical journal. The modest claim of its publishers is merely that it is "a summary of American and Foreign Literature." In its enlarged form and widened scope however, it becomes more distinctly critical and whatever one's views are as to signed reviews, it cannot but be acknowledged that *The Book Buyer's* list of contributors to its critical column is an attraction. Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, who is being "discovered" by several journals at once, is to conduct a department on "Books and Life." I regret the hackneyed title — everything nowadays is Books and Life, or Life and Books, or Men, Women and Books, or Letters and Life, or Men and Letters, and it seems that Mr. Lee might get something more distinguished. I could wish also for more of *actualité* in his causerie: at present he deals too much in generalities.

Stephen Crane writes with wide-open eyes and mouth of the discovery that he can enjoy melodrama. He stands in bewilderment before Ouida's "Under Two Flags," which a considerable number of people have delighted in for some years with perfect understanding of the reason for their admiration. To these his excitement is a little childish.

The gossip of "The Rambler" is fresher than usual and the supply of half-tone illustrations in the issue is practically unlimited. Too much cannot be said for the endeavor of the editors to have the whole magazine written in the English language instead of the metropolitan dialect adopted by certain of its contemporaries to secure that much desired "breeziness" of style.

¶A number of journalists in various parts of this country have felt it their duty to respond to the remarks on newspaper criticism which have appeared in *THE CHAP-BOOK* during the past few months. They have been inspired by an estimable loyalty and encouraged by the undying tradition as to the dignity of the press. But their words are unavailing. In one column they declaim loudly of the real value of their criticisms, while in another they publish machine-made notices of magazines, books and authors which do away with all faith in their judgments. It is coming to be recognized that the literary editor will do almost anything to avoid work. For years she has notoriously managed to turn out a good part of her two or three or four columns for *Saturday's* paper without the necessity of first reading the books she notices. This condition of things combined with a charitable disposition has led the magazine and book publishers of the land to organize a regular system for subverting to their own uses the whole body of journalistic criticism. The casual reader of newspapers probably dimly apprehends that a large part of the literary gossip and book news he finds seems cast in the same mould, undistinguished, in the same way. Occasionally he may notice in two papers reviews which tally word for word. Should he take the trouble to investigate he might find fifty such. He is on the trail of the publisher-critic.

In all times publishers have tried to influence criticism, but at no time have their attempts to subvert it been so frankly direct as now.

The case is especially bad in the matter of reviewing magazines. The publisher may not know what should be said about his magazine to criticise it justly; but he knows what should be said to sell it largely. So he proceeds to say it, writing it out in a fair hand, having it printed on neat slips of paper, and scattering it by the mails till it lies on the desk of every reviewer in the country. When the editor comes to make up her column of magazine notices it is so much easier to paste these slips than to write, the printers enjoy reprint copy so much, it is altogether so pleasurable not to read the magazines—the publisher counted on this and he gets his notice. Consequently we read that “the *Atlantic* for January has the usual literary flavor, etc.,” “*Scribner's* for this month is full of good things, etc.,” “As usual the *Illustrated American* offers, etc.” This may all be true, but the shirking of responsibility by the critic is none the less true. Criticism, if nothing more, should be a disinterested opinion by somebody. Inability to write is a detail.

Not only does the magazine publisher send out complete reviews of each issue, but many houses insert in every book sent out for review neatly printed and succinct praise of the volume as a snare for the reviewer. This the luckless animal, either worn out by overwork or indifferent to responsibility, often stumbles into. Not quite so often as into the magazine trap, but much too often.

There is a yet more insidious method of disseminating publisher's criticism. The items published under the happy title *Literary Gossip* are nearly all furnished by publishers on these same neatly printed slips. It is to be expected, in fact, that the publisher will let it be known that Miss A. W. Abercrombie, who published that Scottish story last year called “*The Ban of Fingal*,” has another one ready. But what the publisher does is to mix certain æsthetic judgments with his bit of news, knowing what a bother it would be to fish the essential facts out of the mess. So we get “Miss A. W. Abercrombie, the author of that immensely successful book of last season the ‘*Ban of Fingal*,’ is said (note how guarded it is) to have completed a new novel. The scene of this is also laid in the Western Highlands and Miss Abercrombie in delicate pathos and appreciation of Scots humor is said to have surpassed her former effort. Miss Abercrombie, who, by the bye, is said to have inherited much of her talent from her grandfather, Thomas E. Abercrombie, the well-known writer on theological subjects, has spent most of her life in the country and is now in London for the first time.”

Then in a week or two we hear that “Miss Abercrombie's new book is to be issued next month by the Messrs. ———, who had such a success with her former effort.” And so on.

The thing can be made to form a month's prelude to the publication of the book, and the publisher is foolish to neglect such opportunity for unpaid advertisement. Of course there are fools among publishers, but not of that kind. Occasionally a publishing house seems by good fortune to have entire control of a paper; as was apparently the case with the Harpers during *The Critic's* *Trilby* season. But the ordinary publisher, who cannot hope for this, finds it almost as advantageous to trick reviewers by wholesale.

This is a matter not to be remedied by an attack on the publishers, who are applying the most sound business methods. It is a matter of editorial conscience.

DAWN

BETWEEN the dark-twined sea and sky a line
Of faintest blue and grey; then dies the grey;

Blue purples, purple trembles rose,—'tis day!
The drowsy sun wakes like thick, beakered wine.

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.



RECENT AMERICAN ESSAYS

THE essay is the product of a literary impulse which may be original but which must have at command a certain amount of culture. Untrained races and undisciplined poets sometimes produce great poems, but the essay involves an educated intelligence. It is rarely the highest form of literary expression in a creative period, but it is often a form which expresses the finest feeling and the clearest insight of such a period. It is too meditative in temper, too leisurely in movement, to satisfy the tumultuous energy of a dramatic or lyric epoch; and yet it often gathers up the deepest wisdom and illustrates the most genuine and charming gifts of style. The essayist is a gleaner who searches the field after the harvesters have passed over it, happening here and there upon ripened grain but securing also impressions, experiences, outlooks which are, for his purpose and our entertainment, even more important than the grain.

Meditation, observation, humour and imagination are his moods, his habits and his qualities. He studies life with an eye which is not blind to its tragic possibilities, but which sees also its forms, manners, eccentricities, nobilities, courtesies. His temper is reflective, his manner quiet, his thought suggestive or reposeful. He writes for those who bring a certain intelligence to his comment or criticism; he is the chosen comrade of the thoughtful and the cultivated.

It is, therefore, a sign of the times that we have in this country a group of essayists like Mr. Stedman, Mr. Warner, Mr. Scudder, Mr. Brownell, Mr. Woodberry, Mr. Howells, Mr. Matthews, Prof. Wilson, Mr. Martin, Dr. Harry T. Peck, Miss Repplier and Miss Guiney; and a glance at four recently published volumes of essays discovers certain qualities which are characteristic, not only of their writers but of our literature in its present stage. For while the essay is rarely the literary form which is closest to the most vital impulses of the time it does not fail to reflect its temper and report its thought. In an hour of deep conviction and of intense imaginative energy the essay becomes in a high degree vitalized and original; the essays of Carlyle and Emerson are among the most striking and probably among the most enduring products of that stirring of the imagination which went on in England and in this country during the second and third quarters of the century. In a time, on the other hand, when the profounder impulses find expression through other than literary channels, the essayist turns up the soil nearer the surface and is more likely to comment freshly and delightfully on things as they are than to run his thought along new parallels and open up new veins of experience and imagination.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's exposition of

"The Relation of Literature to Life" is an admirable illustration of a high minded and cultivated man thinking upon the spiritual aspects of his time. Mr. Warner is a literary man of the old fashioned type, modified by the influences of an age which has a journalistic eye for interesting objects and figures. He has an air of leisure such as belongs, not only to the man of Letters, but preëminently to the gentleman of Letters; the leisure of one who has time not only to look about him carefully, but to feel the atmosphere and to be well-mannered. There is sharp insight in the remark that the typical men of the old regime were without fear and without haste; their most conspicuous virtues were gallantry and courtesy. It takes time to be really urbane and polished; and clever people in our day are often too hurried to be well-mannered. Mr. Warner takes time; he refuses to be hurried. The deliberation of the essayist is his in rare measure, and it is part of his charm. He is indifferent to mere cleverness, he detests fads, and he abhors affectations and extravagances of thought, feeling or style. He is not on the alert, like the space writer or the sensational preacher, for a newsy topic. His interests are distinctly contemporary, but they are in permanent rather than ephemeral things. He values journalism in so far as it represents freshness and utility, but he cares chiefly for literature.

His conception of literature is sound and vital. He is sensitive to form, as all good writers and critics must be; but he sees deeper than some of his contemporaries into the sources of literary power. A single sentence gives us his point of view: "The Bible is the best illustration of the literature of power, for it always concerns itself with life, it touches it at all points." And because he discerns the fundamental truth that literature is always and everywhere conditioned on what may be called vital conditions he is profoundly desirous that these conditions in America shall be of the productive kind. Instead of making his appeal for better superficial conditions and bewailing the general absence of the literary impulse in this country he is urgent in his endeavor to so change and enrich our life as to give it the quality out of which art comes by direct and invariable laws of growth.

He believes thoroughly in democracy, but he is not a blind worshipper of the judgment or morality of the mass. He stands for the development of the superiorities as opposed to a dead level of equalization; because he sees clearly that the whole bent of nature, if left to herself is to produce highly differentiated individuals rather than uniform and monotonous groups. He is not indifferent to the material possibilities of the continent, but he is not in the least confused by them; his spiritual perspective is not disturbed. "It seems to me," he says, "that the millennium is to come by the infusion into all society of a truer culture, which is neither of poverty nor of wealth, but is the beautiful fruit of the

development of the higher part of man's nature."

This is serious stuff for the substance of an essay, but Mr. Warner has that light touch which differentiates the literary from the didactic treatment of such themes. He has, moreover, a delightful gift of humour which makes him, even in his most serious moods, a charming companion.

Mr. Howells, like Mr. Warner, has practiced criticism and has expressed very definite opinions on many questions of literary art, especially questions affecting the nature and functions of fiction; he is also a man of culture in a generous sense of the phrase; but his culture is essentially modern as compared with the older literary culture, which was fundamentally classical. Mr. Howells rarely speaks of Greek and Latin writers, but he gives constant evidence of his familiarity with French, Italian and Spanish classics; he knows them by heart because he has learned them, at first hand and not through the intervention of schools. There is a difference in note and attitude between the literary man formed on the older and the literary man formed on the younger model, which a careful study of these two volumes of essays, by two men of distinctly typical quality, would bring into clear light.

Mr. Howells is primarily and, perhaps, instinctively a novelist, and his treatment of subjects in the essay form is much more intimate and familiar than that of Mr. Warner. The volume of "Impressions and Experiences" is admirably described by its title; the autobiographic note is struck throughout. In the opening chapter on "The Country Printer" a bit of the essayist's youth is very simply and unaffectedly described; in the other chapters the writer's personality does come into such clear light, but it is within sight.

There is no attempt to deal with general principles, save by way of inference; it is a series of recollections and impressions to which we are treated. One would be inclined to say in his haste that Mr. Howells' attitude in dealing with his themes is intensely modern if one did not recall how much autobiography Montaigne put into his essays. The comparison of the two writers, which is suggested by a casual association of the two names, brings out, however, a very radical difference. Mr. Howells foreshortens his pictures and narrows his horizon so as to enclose only that which he is considering at the moment. He is neither discursive nor academic; he sticks to his theme and he avoids the quotation, the reference and the allusion. He has the reporter's instinct for seeing the thing before him, but he has also tenderness, refinement, delicacy; if he is intimate with his subject and his readers it is with the reticence which a fine nature never abandons. He is an impressionist in his sensitiveness to the changing aspects of the streets of New York and of Central Park; an impressionist who feels even subtly what is about him, but an impressionist who sees clearly what is passing and who is not, therefore,

exclusively receptive. And Mr. Howells has a charming gift of description; he knows how to introduce the detail which outlines the complete picture to the imagination without imposing on the reader an enumeration of particulars; he brings in the sky also, for he is sometimes very happy in conveying atmospheric conditions and impressions.

A visit to a police court, made in mid-summer, and as a kind of break from the strain of imaginative work, makes the reader aware at once of Mr. Howells' faculty of minute observation and of his feeling for the pathos of life. Indeed, no one can read Mr. Howells in these days without being touched by his evident conviction that the tragedy of life is so inwrought in social conditions, if not in the very nature of things, that even sympathy is often futile. There is in the recent work from his hand, whether in prose or verse, a kind of mute protest against the sorrows of humanity, but especially against that ordering of things which puts these sorrows and hardships for the most part beyond the reach of those who carry the general sadness on their hearts. Mr. Howells has a sense of companionship with men under all conditions so deep that the question of the form of government becomes superficial in its presence. Such a man may be a monarchist, a republican or a socialist; whatever he believes about the matter of the form of rule and the ordering of society he will believe because he thinks it most just to the men and women who live under it. Mr. Howells' readers are sometimes tempted to rebel against a kinship with the sorrows of the world so close that it brings the constant note of sadness in; they are sometimes tempted to think that his gentle art does not bear successfully the strain of so much feeling; but that is only a way of saying that the man is greater than his art.

But Mr. Howells is rarely long separated from his earlier manner and from that quiet humour which is, perhaps, his most genuine gift. He has at his best, the charm of a manner which happily combines the lightness of the higher order of skill, the effectiveness of sound training and the play of a humour which is so free from malice that it can make us laugh without making the thing we laugh at ridiculous.

Mr. Brander Matthews is both versatile and clever; he has the brisk professional air of a man who knows what he is going to do and how he is going to do it. And it ought to be added that he rarely attempts to do what he cannot do well. He speaks exclusively to people who know and care for books; if there is any exception to this statement it is when he uses the short story; and even then the exception is apparent rather than real. A student of literature in general, and of fiction and the drama in particular, Mr. Matthews has a great love of what is sometimes irreverently called "the shop;" that is to say, he likes the literary atmosphere and he knows how literary work is done. He does it himself very successfully. He writes novels, short stories, literary

studies, criticism, plays and essays. He is, in other words, an accomplished *littérateur*.

A man of such versatility and practice is likely to write very readable essays, and that is precisely what Mr. Matthews has done in "Aspects of Fiction and other Ventures in Criticism." A glance at the table of contents makes one aware that the essayist is dealing mainly with contemporary subjects, but that he is dealing with them in a distinctly professional spirit; treating them, in other words, as illustrating an art, which has not only relations with life but which has also laws of structure, methods of work and a tradition of a very delightful quality. In all this technical and professional knowledge, Mr. Matthews is admirably posted; he not only knows it but he cares for it; and that makes him interesting. He is inventive, audacious, witty and entertaining. He is like the clever talker across the table who engages you with anecdote, story, reminiscence, so adroitly that you only become aware later that he has also instructed you.

Professor Woodrow Wilson takes one into a very different field. He also has a sphere of professional knowledge at his command, but it does not intersect the spheres of the essayists upon whom comment has already been made. He is primarily a student of history: but he is also a writer of distinct literary gift, with the tastes and affinities of a man of Letters as well as of the historian. The essay which gives its title to his recently published volume, "Mere Literature and Other Essays," hints at his conviction that literature has quite as much standing and value as scholarship. Indeed one does not need to read long before he is aware that Prof. Wilson not only knows what literature is, but knows how to produce it. He is one of the few contemporary Americans who can be said to have a style; a way of saying things, which is at once distinctive, individual and admirable. His manner is entirely different from that of Mr. Warner, of Mr. Howells, or of Mr. Matthews. It shows the influence of historical study; it moves against a background of historical allusion and reference; it is balanced; it has strongly marked movement; it is at times brilliant, and it has at all times more colour than most essayists of the day permit themselves to use. It is a style with a touch of old-fashioned richness; it suggests that Prof. Wilson has studied Burke, and it makes one wish that other people would study Burke. It is an easy style to read; for it is often informal and it is sometimes witty. It makes one hope that Prof. Wilson will find time for essay as well as for historical writing. There is good quality in his work; and there is fine promise.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MARIE.



WAITING*

A SONG OF THE SUBMERGED TENTH.

WITHIN unfriendly walls
We starve—or starve by stealth.
Oxen fatten in their stalls;
You guard the harrier's health:
They never can be criminals,
And can 't compete for wealth.
From the mansion and the palace
Is there any help or hail
For the tenants of the alleys,
Of the workhouse and the jail?

Though lands await our toil,
And earth half-empty rolls,
Cumberers of English soil,
We cringe for orts and doles—
Prosperity's accustomed foil,
Millions of useless souls.
In the gutters and the ditches
Human vermin festering lurk—
We, the rust upon your riches,
We, the flaw in all your work.

Come down from where you sit;
We look to you for aid.
Take us from the miry pit,
And lead us undismayed:
Say, "Even you, outcast, unfit,
Forward with sword and spade!"
And millions of us idle
Would thank you through our tears,
Though you drove us with a bridle,
And a whip about our ears.

From cloudy cape to cape
The teeming waters seethe;
Golden grain and purple grape
The regions overwreath;
And the Turk has room for fire and rape;
And we—scarce room to breathe!
Will you try to understand us?
We are waiting night and day
For a captain to command us,
And the word we must obey.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

PA'S HEAD

THE afternoon sunlight gleamed through the leaves of the first big apple-tree in the orchard back of the farmhouse, yellowing the green of the leaves, the red of the autumn apples, and finally deepening even the yellow of Allie Carson's hair and of the calico dress which had been chosen to match that hair. The girl was in the very top of the tree, standing on a branch almost too slender to bear even her light weight, and the limb above her, to which she

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clung, bent with every puff of wind, carrying with it the slim little figure. She laughed gaily, childishly, as she swayed, and when the wind, gaining force by a sudden rush over the stubble of the wheat fields to the south of the orchard, tossed the boughs of the apple trees much as it was tossing the weeds and grasses below, she sang out joyously, to the rocking, the words which she had sung decorously in church a few hours before:

"Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me,"

she was lilting, when another voice than her own caught her ear.

"Allie! Allie!"

She pulled the smaller branches aside and peeped through the opening. Across the bit of orchard and the back yard she could see her mother, standing on the side porch.

"Allie! Allie Carson."

"Let her call," said the girl softly. "That last 'Allie' means comp'ny, and comp'ny means old Miz Mills. No, ma, you don't get me in there to tell Miz Mills all that the boys and girls said to each other on the picnic yesterday—the prying old hen! What *is* ma coming for? She could just as well as not go back and say I didn't seem to be around, that I had a way of traipsing off on Sunday afternoons, and she hoped Miz Mills would excuse me. Go back, ma, go back—shoo!"

She loosened her grasp on the branches, let them fly back, then pressed herself to the trunk of the tree as she heard her mother brushing through the Spanish needle and the rank orchard grass. She clung with one arm to the trunk, and with the other snugged her yellow skirt close to her. "Hope she'll think I'm a big caterpillar," she giggled.

"Allie Morse Carson, you know you are here! Which tree are you in? There, I see you—come right down."

Allie reluctantly swung herself to the ground; she shook out her skirt, and then turned her rosy face to her mother, half laughingly, half defiantly.

"Now, ma," she said, "you know I don't want to sit in the house on a lovely fall day like this; it's grand out here, specially up there with the wind and the bees and the apples."

Mrs. Carson folded the white apron, thrown over her head, back on the masses of her wavy red hair, and looked up at the apples with appreciation in her big brown eyes.

"I just believe I'll go up myself," she said. "I am not so plump as some say."

"And leave Miz Mills to me!"

"Well, maybe I better go back, and you can stay—it ain't Miz Mills though, it's the summer preacher. You stay right here, Allie, I'll talk to him."

Allie was dancing through the weeds.

"But it can't be he," she said, stopping suddenly. "He was here last night—just last night, ma."

"Yes, just last night," said Mrs. Carson. "Maybe he thinks you will join the church—it would be a feather in his cap, when he aint out of seminary yet."

Allie was all dimples. "Oh, I'll join, I'll join—I'd like to help him along. You stay and get all the apples you want, ma."

She ducked under the limbs of a scraggly pear tree and ran toward the house. In a moment, however, she stopped, and turned back, her hand over eyes as the sunlight dazzled her. "Ma," she called, "is—is pa about?"

Mrs. Carson did not answer. She walked quickly, firmly, toward the girl.

"No," she said, when she reached her, "he is napping, but Allie, the preacher knows."

"Yes, of course he does," said the girl. She impulsively raised her arm and laid it across her mother's shoulders. "I do n't mind his knowing," she said, with a catch in her voice, "only it makes me feel so queer when pa talks of it to people who do n't know all about us, about him as he used to be."

They walked on slowly, in silence at first; then Allie broke away. "I must run," she said, "I want to slip up the back stairs and get on my torchon collar and slick my hair down—if only these horrid curls *would* slick! You go in and say I'm still in the orchard but I heard you call and will be in in just a minute."

Mrs. Carson made it three minutes, and in ten Allie came in, as prim and dainty as if the wind in the top of the apple tree had had no playfellow this afternoon. She talked as primly too as the most earnest theological student could possibly have desired, and the young fellow who was reading hymns to her felt that her shy comment was just what would be seemly for, well, say for Mrs. Philip Dudley, in case there ever should be a Mrs. Dudley. However, toward the latter part of the afternoon they got away from hymns, and now and then, in spite of Allie's efforts, there would ring out a bit of a laugh that suggested the orchard, not the front parlor.

"It must be fun in town," she said, as he finished an un-Sundayfied account of what theologues did in between learning Hebrew and preaching trial sermons.

"Do you think—would you—do you suppose you'd ever like living in town?" he asked.

"I—do n't know," she said. "We could n't ever leave pa, and he would n't be happy anywhere but here."

"Your mother takes most of the care of him, does n't she?" he asked slowly. "You could be spared for a—visit?"

"He likes having me around," Allie answered. "I guess I'll always stay with him."

"Of course he likes having you around," he said impulsively. "Allie—"

"Allie!" called another voice from the stairway in the hall, "come help me downstairs, I'm 'fraid I'll dent my head."

Allie helped her father into the parlor, with her eyes turned from the young preacher's pitying face. A sudden impulse of loyalty brought the blood back to her cheeks which had grown pale a moment before. She bent down and kissed the waxen face of the old man, kissed it with such tender, yearning affection that the tears came into the eyes of the sensitive lad who was looking on.

"Take care, Allie," the father said, "remember my head is made of putty now." He turned to Dudley as he went on, "You can't imagine, sir, how careful I have to be. For about two years now my head has been turning to putty, and the least little push, of course, gets my features all out of gear. Ever had any trouble of that sort, sir?"

"No, I can't say that I have," the young fellow said humbly. For Allie's sake he almost wished that he could swear his head was as soft as jelly. He took up his hat and held out his hand to Allie, then to the old man.

"Sorry I can't shake hands with you, sir," said Mr. Carson, "but my neck is getting putted pretty far down now, and I have to look out for jars—can't be too careful when it gets to be a question of your head falling off, you know."

As the door closed behind Dudley, Allie suppressed a hysterical giggle.

"I'd never have forgiven him, never, if he'd smiled," she said to herself, "poor old pa, poor dear!"

Mrs. Carson came in when she heard the step on the front porch. "Gone?" she asked in a little surprise. "Oh, I did n't know pa had come down."

She looked at Allie wistfully. "Did he—"

"Yes, of course he talked of it, but do n't look that way, ma. Why, somebody, everybody around here must have told him how splendid pa was before this trouble—sickness is no disgrace!"

"Disgrace—do n't say the word, Allie—why, it would have killed Ephraim to think he could ever have made things hard for you and me. You'll never forget how pa set everything by you, Allie, will you?"

"Of course not, of course not!"

"Well, supper's ready. I'm sorry the preacher did n't stay, for I've got some mighty good tea-cakes. I'd like him to have tasted my cooking, and he goes back to town so soon now I guess there won't be any chance."

Evidently the preacher too had craved the chance to test Mrs. Carson's good cooking, for two days later he came to dinner. Allie made him welcome with sweeter dimpling and blushing than ever before, but Mrs. Carson's greeting was for the first time a little strained. Indeed, she had looked startled when Allie danced into the kitchen to an-

nounce his arrival, and all through dinner she was very quiet, letting many an opportunity for a joke go by. Allie looked at her in amazement; she was proud of her mother's cheery mirth, she admired her jokes extravagantly, and rather poutingly she whispered to herself, "She might show off for him—she'd be awful bright and funny for old Miz Mills."

The visit was not a very long one, for this time the preacher was out on a round of pastoral calls.

"And you began on us?" Allie said she shook hands with him. "We ought to have asked you to have prayers, as long as this was that sort of a visit."

The preacher held her hand. "Could I pray for you?" he said very low, "when you are—perfect already?"

"Oh, I'm not good, I'm not," fluttered Allie. She raised her eyes to the slender face that now was almost as flushed as her own. "But *you* are," she faltered. "Good-bye, oh, good-bye. Ma, Mr. Dudley is going."

There was never any reluctance on Allie's part to help with the work, but now, before her mother had finished saying good-bye, she had flown into the kitchen, seized the pan of apples sliced ready for drying, and was half way across the yard, going toward the long sloping roof of the corncrib, where the apples were to be spread in the sunlight. Mrs. Carson finished her dishwashing, then slowly, with white face, walked toward the corncrib. She climbed halfway up the ladder that led to the low roof, and stood there, watching Allie spread the apples.

"Ma," said the girl suddenly, "why do n't this church brace up and set aside enough money to have a preacher all the time, not just for summers? It's a shame we are n't more pious in this neighborhood!"

Mrs. Carson drew herself farther up, and sat down on the edge of the roof. She took off her sunbonnet and nervously buried her hands in its long scoop.

"Allie," she said, "yore pa's sickness was n't the first of its kind in his family. His mother had a queer head, too—I did n't know it when I married him, for you know he came from Boone County—and my father, yore grandpa Morse, always felt hard to him for not telling me. I never did; he meant it for the best, and I guess I'd have married him anyway, for you know—well, you *know* how I feel and always have felt about him! But you ought to know there are two in line back of you."

Allie looked down at her, puzzled, but sympathetic. "It was too bad about grandma Carson," she said, "but I never knew her, so I can't think it so awful, like we do about pa."

Mrs. Carson held her hands tightly clenched. "Alice," she said, "a few minutes ago I told the preacher this was n't true that people told him about pa—I said there was n't any fall from a horse and

hurting his head, the way some kind folks spread it round. I told the preacher there were two in line back of you that had gone crazy."

As she ended she climbed down the ladder, trembling, shaking, clutching blindly at the rounds. The pump and horse trough were in her way, and as she went around them she paused and pumped vigorously, wildly, till the trough was overflowing. Then she tried to look up at the mute figure on the roof, but her head would not turn that way. She moved feebly across the stable lot toward the house and just inside of the yard gate she met her husband. He was always restless when she and Allie were away from him, and now he caught impatiently at her apron.

"I want you," he said. "You leave me by myself so much."

"No, I don't," she said quickly. She bent toward him, and regardless of his averted head she put her arms around him. "Ephraim," she said brokenly, "nothing, nothing—not even my Allie there, not even what's before her—can make me ever wish I had n't married you!"

"Do n't dent my head, take care!" the old man said, but said it softly, for her tones had moved him. "I'm going to look for Allie." In a voice that she had hardly heard for two years he added, "For our little Allie."

He walked on, looking up at Allie fretfully as he drew near the crib.

"You have n't asked about my head all day," he called, with none of the old-time note in his voice now.

Allie raised herself and jumped from the low roof. She went to him and softly touched his neck.

"It is n't spreading any farther down," she said.

He resented the tone. "You ain't thinking about my head, Allie Carson," he whimpered.

She turned from him fiercely, then back as quickly, taking up his hand and stroking it.

"I shan't ever, ever, think of anything else, pa."

KATHERINE BATES.

AN ESSAY WITHOUT A SUBJECT

I BELIEVE it to be quite possible to write an essay without a subject, and in the attempt have all to gain while risking nothing. To fail is no proof that another will not succeed, and to succeed is a demonstration of the theorem. Nor is the achievement useless, for the subject is to an essay what the peg is to the tethered bull—a slavish restriction.

Progress is often secured as the immediate result of unshackling, and to the essayist the unwritten law that he must select a theme and confine himself within hailing radius of it, is the last bond of restraint.

This law is unnatural, since it does not correspond with an inherent mental requirement. The human mind in its normal condition does not remain within a circle described about a given point within called a subject. Whether isolated or within the magnetic field of outside influences, the course of human rumination is an infinite curve or series of curves. Its origin is undiscoverable and its terminus extends beyond space of three dimensions.

To reason mathematically is to confine these curves within parallels. To think appositely is to bend the curves forcibly within a fixed circle.

Suppose then we fix no metres and bounds, but let the pen-point follow the mental divigations—ranging at will from Shakespeare to trolley-cars, as chance may direct.

At once the sight of the word chance brings to mind an article in an old review, in which a scientific man tried to invent a means of distributing points at hazard over a sheet of paper. After giving up a dozen methods of throwing or dropping small particles from the hand or from receptacles, he hit at last upon a singular expedient:

He ruled his paper into squares and lettered them. Then opening a book at random he brought a pencil-point down upon a page. Whatever letter was nearest the point claimed a particle for its lettered square.

I believe the purpose of all this was to find out whether star-clusters were distributed haphazard. At all events, his ingenious plan failed. He found that the letters which projected above and below the line gained an evident advantage over their fellows; and therefore he could declare a law that governed the distribution of his particles upon the squared paper.

Some time, when you have nothing more pressing upon your hands, it might be worth while to solve his problem for yourself. Here it is: Arrange a given number of points upon a surface so entirely by chance that there is no law discoverable according to which their arrangement varies.

Throwing dice seems a fair means of obtaining fortuitous results; and yet a respectable swindler recently claimed that six or seven years of practice had enabled him to throw dice about as he liked—presumably unloaded dice, too.

Now, if this essay had a subject, I should feel bound to worry back toward it, but it is not necessary, and that assurance ought to be as distinct a relief to the reader as to the writer.

And yet there is something irritating even in freedom. When an author opens his ink-bottle, spreads forth his hospitable writing-pad (and what a blessing these pads are!) and gets a good preliminary dipping of the pen—it is agonizing to reflect that, so far as mere material aids go, there is nothing to prevent his writing a greater epic than the "Iliad," or a grander tragedy than the "Agamemnon." Read the "Agamemnon"? No, not in the original; but I have

made several good tries at it, and eked them out with a fair translation. How often have I thanked Emerson for that consoling remark about swimming the Charles River!

What a remarkable system of contractions they used in writing old Greek, and how blind the old printing text is to a recent college graduate used to the neat Porsonian text! But then I have noticed that there is a certain tacit forbearance among graduates. They never ask one another to translate Greek in public; and if one who does not know the language comes at you with his brutal—"Say—this is Greek, ain't it? What's the sense of it?" you can usually get through creditably by a mixture of guessing and austerity.

I wonder whether our knowledge of classic languages would impress an ancient adept as the "idiotisms" of "English as She is Spoke" appeal to us? It would be well worth while to talk with an old Roman. I can imagine how he would give us decidedly novel ideas concerning Cæsar and Brutus. No doubt there were contemporaries who considered the great Julius a much overrated man, and Brutus a scheming and unscrupulous rascal. No doubt, also, there were many in Rome who gave no more thought to Cicero than thousands of our fellow-citizens have bestowed upon Edward Everett or Stephen A. Douglas.

It is not the distinguished man who fills the largest place in our thoughts, and no doubt the Romans by thousands knew Cæsar only as the provider of excellent cheap picnic-grounds and circus-performances, or as a man who required an unconscionable amount of space in the "Acta Diurna." I am sure that for one I grudge the amount of space given to minor political matters in the daily papers. The days when the journals appeal to me are the scissors-days—when clippings take the place of news: when the anxious reader is told how to take sassafras stains out of Gobelin tapestries; or told how to give a Nasturtium lunch; or informed that telegraph-poles are made of compressed hay in Kampschatka—how do *you* spell it, all books of reference barred?

But usually the Bernard K. McHolloran candidacy for the inspectorship of ash-cans crowds out the clippings. I do not believe that the newspaper buyers care for these political mare's-nests; but the look of scorn unutterable which overwhelmed me when I remarked as much to a practical newspaper man shall be lifted from my threshold nevermore.

There ought to be some method by which editors could gauge the preferences of their readers—some method less heartrending and more rapid than observance of circulation. Why not print a voting-blank, containing the titles of articles, with columns marked "for" and "against," and also a space for suggestions?

The French "Almanach Hachette" and some American almanacs print a page for this purpose, and the French almanac, at least, finds the plan a suc-

cess. Of course, this is not to admit that the readers know better than the editors what should be published, but it would keep some publications from slow suicide. Editors now are like blind men who shoot at a moving mark; they know they have hit the bullseye when the bell rings, but each new shot is delivered at random. Under such circumstances it is remarkable that nearly all their guns are overloaded with small type, or that when a hit is made, all the marksmen rush to the same store to buy their ammunition?

Freer communication with the readers would transform editing into a delightful game of "magical music," and the pianos need not all play the same tune, either.

In seeking to learn the popular view of some new story, sketch or poem, the overwhelming majority are found marching under a banner inscribed, "I have n't read it."

I shudder to think of the toiling millions for whom no editor can edit, and no writer can write. Speaking from a literary point of view (which expression is now threatened by an upstart "viewpoint"), these hordes exist only to create dialect. And it is a serious question whether the non-reader loses much; whether he does not gain in actuality what he loses in breadth. Suppose a lover is about to propose. Inevitably, if he be a reader of novels, his mind presents to him a dozen similar situations, each a possible model or criterion of his own expected experience. By the time he is in the presence of Saccarissa his performance is shop-worn.

A Yale man wrote an exhaustive work entitled "Four Years at Yale," in which the whole course was mapped, charted, buoyed, and generally exhausted for the Freshman. The neophyte remained green, but it was not the verdure of the unspoiled Springtide, but the sallow green that smacked of the midnight oil.

Time has changed all that. The ancient shoals are shifted, new rocks arise, old lights no longer shine, and the Freshman sets sail again upon an unknown sea, lighted only by his lonely student-lamp, and shielded only by his green eye-shade.

Bædeker has done much the same doubtful service for the traveler. Where is the romance in seeking out a lonely mountain hostelry, if, on page 466, you are to find, printed in italics, a warning against mine host's underdone chops?

If you would know what has been lost, travel again with young Gerard through the pages of "The Cloister and the Hearth," upon his perilous journey to Rome; and then say whether you will be personally conducted by the Cooks, or by the old soldier who has brought to the world the comforting assurance that the Devil is dead?

The old way was not so comfortable, of course, but if that argument is to avail who shall overcome the oyster's claim to the highest civilization?

There are advantages in the closed shell. The

box-turtle must have diverged early from the branch of the family tree to which the sensitive plant must go when proving relationship. Somewhere between the two diverging branches is to be sought the progenitor of the lobsters and crabs, who vary their hard-shell existence by a period of armorless poverty. Man makes speech serve him both as carapace and tentacles. When one declares, "I shut him up," what else does he mean than is expressed passively by the box-turtle's withdrawal and locking-up?

Every man's house is his castle, or would be if, like the old castles, it were supplied with its eternal spring and its stores of provisions. But all unprovided as modern castles are, the proverb becomes an empty boast. Every creature must go among his fellows; all are his servants, as he is servant to every dollar in circulation, and only the reptiles can lock the door long enough to count.

Carlyle's philosophy of clothes is only a branch of a much wider study. Clothes are the response to the eye alone; each sense also exacts tribute in fitting kind. The ear requires its tale of words, of intonations, of inflections, of interjections. A mere baby soon learns the crowing to which the mother's ear is attuned. The hand will have its grasp—its imitative gesture. No schoolboy would dare declaim, "Away with all such subterfuges!" without the sweep of hands congruity requires. Even the nose, the least favored organ of civilized races, asserts itself by a raising of its wings if disdain be seeking expression. Taste is internal, but the lips speak by form as well as in modifying sound.

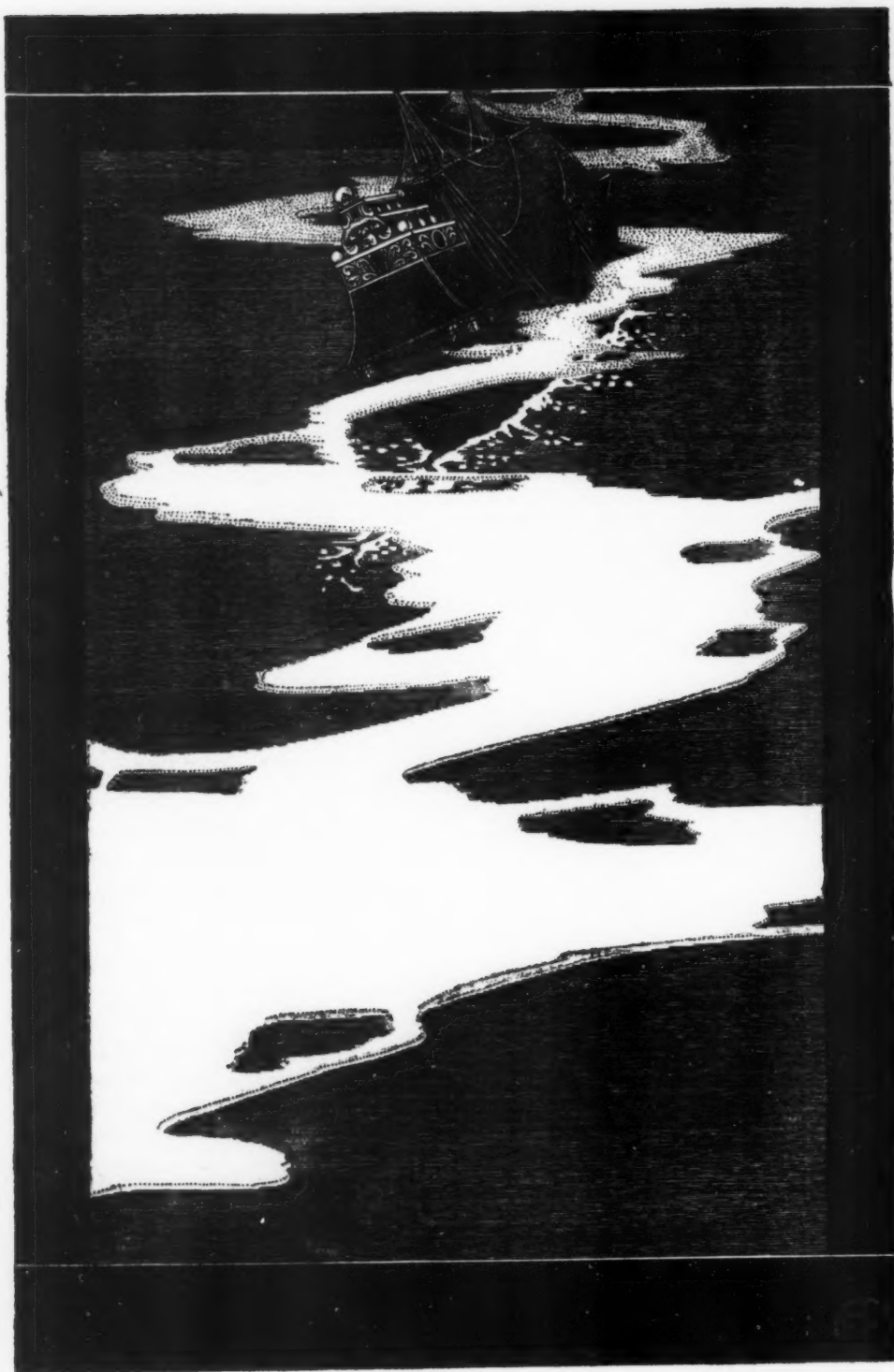
And each sense has its conventions, its concealments, its betrayals, its lies. Even were the king stripped, as Teufelsdröckh suggests, yet might he reign by dint of head-tossings, lip-curlings, sententious words, or looks like those of the prisoned Marius.

Clothes are not only material. Purple and fine linen alone can never make the king, nor robes of camelshair the prophet. Achilles could well dispense with a large wardrobe, and neither Thersites nor John the Baptist, neither Scoffer nor Saint can be so dressed as to befit the slave's office.

TUDOR JENKS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- THE METROPOLITANS.—By Jeanie Drake. 12mo. The Century Co. \$1.25.
- BEAUX AND BELLES.—By Arthur Grissom. 16mo. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- DAPHNE OR THE PIPES OF ARCADIA.—By Marguerite Merington. 16mo. The Century Co.
- POSTERS IN MINIATURE.—With an introduction by Edward Penfield. 12mo. R. H. Russell & Son. \$1.50.
- MORE SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA.—By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. Designs by Tom B. Meteyard. 16mo. Copeland & Day. \$1.00.
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- SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.—By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. With decorations by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. Small 4to. Copeland & Day. \$2.00.
- UNDER TWO FLAGS.—By Bert L. Taylor and Alvin T. Tholts. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.25.
- SONG AND FABLE.—By Barton O. Aylesworth. 18mo. The Kenyon Press. Des Moines.
- LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE.—By Paul Laurence Dunbar. 16mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
- PICTURES OF PEOPLE.—By C. D. Gibson. Large folio. R. H. Russell & Son. \$5.00.
- IN VANITY FAIR.—Drawings by A. B. Wenzell. Large folio. R. H. Russell & Son. \$5.00.
- FABLES FOR THE TIMES.—By H. W. Phillips. Illustrated by T. S. Sullivant. Large 4to. R. H. Russell & Son. \$1.25.
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- A LITTLE TOUR IN IRELAND.—By "Oxonian" (Dean Hole). Illustrated by the late John Leech. 12mo. Edward Arnold. \$1.50.
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- WHITE STONES.—By Ellen Way Allen. The Allen Press. Boston.
- THE FORMS OF DISCOURSE.—By W. B. Cairns. 12mo. Ginn & Co.
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- THE BIBLET, Vol. II.—Portland, Me., Thomas B. Mosher.
- THE WISE AND THE WAYWARD. By G. S. Street. 12mo. John Lane. \$1.50.
- NEW BALLADS.—By John Davidson. 16mo. John Lane. \$1.50.



THE LOST TRAVELERS

by G. K. TURNER

ONE night they sailed in unknown seas,
A low moon glowering on their track
Along a line of blue black hills ;
Then in a grey dawn's damps and chills
They reached the land of the plumed trees,
And nevermore came back.

They found an untried river's mouth
And stole into it silently ;
Huge hills rose wide on either hand ;
Straight back through a strange wooded land,
The dim stream sought the unknown south
As far as eye could see.

South through a country in a swoon
They sailed for many weary days.
Dim shapes rose sudden in the nights,
And dull flames flickered on the heights,
Unnatural noises at high noon
Came booming through the haze.

Strange days came then ; at times they lay
Like some huge painful beetle, pinned
Upon a smooth and shining floor ;
Then while they watched this mood was o'er—
They saw their craft push on its way —
Straight up against the wind.

And days and days, in mute despair,
They watched the great volcanoes burn,
Far south at the dim river's source,
But yet they could not change their course.
Some unseen power in the thick air
Forbade them to return.

And no man since, on friendly seas,
Has seen in trade's frequented track
Their sturdy craft veer to and fro,
For in a grey dawn, years ago,
They reached the land of the plumed trees,
And nevermore came back.

G. K. TURNER.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

BY HENRY JAMES

THE litigation had seemed interminable and had in fact been complicated; but, by the decision on the appeal, the judgment of the divorce-court was confirmed as to the assignment of the child. The father, who, though bespattered from head to foot, had made good his case, was, in pursuance of this triumph, appointed to keep her: it was not so much that the mother's character had been more absolutely damaged as that the brilliancy of a lady's complexion (and this lady's, in court, was immensely remarked,) might be more regarded as showing the spots. Attached, however, to the second announcement was a condition that detracted, for Beale Farange, from its sweetness—an order that he should refund to his late wife the twenty-six hundred pounds put down by her, as it was called, some three years before, in the interest of her child's maintenance and precisely on a proved understanding that he would take no proceedings: a sum of which he had had the administration and of which he could render not the least account! The obligation thus attributed to her adversary was no small balm to Ida's resentment; it drew a part of the sting from her defeat and compelled Mr. Farange perceptibly to lower his crest. He was unable to produce the money or to raise it in any way; so that after a squabble scarcely less public and scarcely more decent than the original shock of battle, his only issue from his predicament was a compromise proposed by his legal advisers and finally accepted by hers.

His debt was by this arrangement remitted to him and the little girl disposed of in a manner worthy of the judgment-seat of Solomon. She was cut in twain and the portions tossed impartially to the disputants. They would take her in rotation, for six months at a time; she would spend half the year with each. This was odd justice in the eyes of those who still blinked in the fierce light projected from the divorce-court, a light in which neither parent figured in the least as a happy example to youth and innocence. What was to have been expected on the evidence was the nomination *in loco parentis*, of some proper third person, some respectable or at least some presentable friend. Apparently, however, the circle of the Faranges had been scanned in vain for any such ornament; so that the only solution finally meeting all the difficulties was save that of sending Maisie to a Home, the diversion of the tutelary office in the manner I have mentioned. There were more reasons for her parents to agree to it than there had ever been for them to agree to anything; and they now prepared, with her help, to enjoy the distinction that waits upon vulgarity sufficiently attested. Their rupture had resounded, and after being perfectly insignificant together they would be decidedly striking apart. Had they not pro-

duced an impression that warranted people in looking for appeals in the newspapers for the rescue of the little one—reverberation, amid a vociferous public, of the idea that some movement should be started or some benevolent person should come forward? A good lady came indeed a step or two; she was distantly related to Mrs. Farange, to whom she proposed that, having children and nurseries wound up and going, she should be allowed to take home the bone of contention and, by working it into her system, relieve at least one of her parents. This would make every time, for Maisie, after her inevitable six months with Beale, much more of a change.

"More of a change?" Ida cried. "Won't it be enough of a change for her to come from that low brute to the person in the world who detests him most?"

"No, because you detest him so much that you'll always talk to her about him. You'll keep him before her by perpetually abusing him."

Mrs. Farange stared. "Pray, then, am I to do nothing to counteract his villainous abuse of me?"

The good lady, for a moment, made no reply; her silence was a grim judgment of the whole point of view. "Poor little monkey!" she at last exclaimed, and the words were an epitaph for the tomb of Maisie's childhood. She was abandoned to her fate. What was clear to any spectator was that the only link binding her to either parent was this lamentable fact of her being a ready vessel for bitterness, a deep little porcelain cup in which biting acids could be mixed. They had wanted her, not for any good they could do her, but for the harm they could, with her unconscious aid, do each other. She should serve their anger and seal their revenge, for husband and wife had been alike crippled by the heavy hand of justice, which on the last resort, met on neither side their indignant claim to get, as they called it, everything. If each was only to get half, this seemed to concede that neither was so base as the other pretended, or to put it differently, offered them as both bad indeed, since they were only as good as each other. The mother had wished to prevent the father from, as she said, "so much as looking" at the child; the father's plea was that the mother's lightest touch was "simply contamination." These were the opposed principles in which Maisie was to be educated—she was to fit them together as she might. Nothing could have been more touching at first than her failure to suspect the ordeal that awaited her little unspotted soul. There were persons horrified to think what those who had charge of it would combine to try to make of it; no one could conceive in advance that they would be able to make nothing ill.

This was a society in which, for the most part, people were occupied only with chatter, but the disunited couple had at last grounds for expecting a period of high activity. They girded their loins; they felt as if the quarrel had only begun. They

felt indeed more married than ever, inasmuch as what marriage had mainly suggested to them was the high opportunity to quarrel. There had been "sides" before, and there were sides as much as ever; for the sider, too, the prospect opened out, taking the pleasant form of a superabundance of matter for desultory conversation. The many friends of the Faranges drew together to differ about them; contradiction grew young again over tea-cups and cigars. Everybody was always assuring everybody of something very shocking, and nobody would have been jolly if nobody had been outrageous. The pair appeared to have a social attraction which failed merely as regards each other; it was indeed a great deal to be able to say for Ida that no one but Beale desired her blood, and for Beale that if he should ever have his eyes scratched out it would be only by his wife. It was generally felt, to begin with, that they were awfully good-looking—they had really not been analysed to a deeper residuum. They made up together, for instance, some twelve feet of stature, and nothing was more discussed than the apportionment of this quantity. The sole flaw in Ida's beauty was a length and reach of arm conducive perhaps to her having so often beaten her ex-husband at billiards, a game in which she showed a superiority largely accountable, as she maintained, for the resentment finding expression in his physical violence. Billiards were her great accomplishment and the distinction her name always first produced the mention of. Notwithstanding some very long lines, everything about her that might have been large and that in many women profited by the license was, with a single exception, admired and cited for its smallness. The exception was her eyes, which might have been of mere regulation size, but which overstepped the modesty of nature; her mouth, on the other hand, was barely perceptible, and odds were freely taken as to the measurement of her waist. She was a person who, when she was out—and she was always out—produced everywhere a sense of having been often seen, the sense indeed of a kind of abuse of visibility, so that it would have been, in the usual places, rather vulgar to wonder at her. Strangers only did that; but they, to the amusement of the familiar, did it very much; it was an inevitable way of betraying an alien habit. Like her husband she carried clothes, carried them as a train carried passengers; people had been known to compare their taste and dispute about the accommodation they gave these articles, though inclining on the whole to the commendation of Ida as less overcrowded, especially with jewellery and flowers. Beale Farange had natural decorations, a kind of costume in his vast fair beard, burnished like a gold breastplate, and in the eternal glitter of the teeth that his long moustache had been trained not to hide, and that gave him, in every possible situation, the look of the joy of life. He had been destined in his youth for diplomacy and

momentarily attached, without a salary, to a legation which enabled him often to say, "In my time, in the East"; but contemporary history had somehow had no use for him, had hurried past him and left him in perpetual Piccadilly. Every one knew what he had—only twenty-five hundred. Poor Ida, who had run through everything, had now nothing but her carriage and her paralysed uncle. This old brute, as he was called, was supposed to have a lot put away. The child was provided for, thanks to a crafty godmother, a defunct aunt of Beale's, who had left her something in such a manner that the parents could appropriate only the income.

I

The child was provided for, but the new arrangement was inevitably confounding to a young intelligence, intensely aware that something had happened which must matter a good deal, looking anxiously out for the great effects of so great a cause. It was to be the fate of this patient little girl to see much more than, at first, she understood, but also, even at first, to understand much more than any little girl, however patient, had perhaps ever understood before. Only a drummer-boy in a ballad or a story could have been so in the thick of the fight. She was taken into the confidence of passions on which she fixed just the stars she might have had for images bounding across the wall in the slide of a magic-lantern. Her little world was fantasmagoric—strange shadows dancing on a sheet. It was as if the whole performance had been given for her—a mite of a half-scared infant in a great dim theatre. She was in short introduced to life with a liberality in which the selfishness of others found its account, and there was nothing to avert the sacrifice but the modesty of her youth.

Her first term was with her father, who spared her only in not letting her have the wild letters addressed to her by her mother; he confined himself to holding them up at her and shaking them while he showed his teeth, and then amusing her by the way he chuckled them, across the room, bang into the fire. Even at that moment, however, she had a scared anticipation of fatigue, a guilty sense of not rising to the occasion, feeling the charm of the violence with which the stiff unopened envelopes, whose big monograms—Ida bristled with monograms—she would have liked to see, were made to whiz, like dangerous missiles, through the air. The greatest effect of the great cause was her own greater importance, chiefly revealed to her in the larger freedom with which she was handled, pulled hither and thither and kissed, and the proportionately greater niceness she was obliged to show. Her features had somehow become prominent; they were so perpetually nipped by the gentlemen who came to see her father and the smoke of whose cigarettes went into her face. Some of these gentlemen made her strike matches and light their cigarettes; others, holding

her on knees violently jolted, pinched the calves of her legs until she shrieked—her shriek was much admired—and reproached them with being toothpicks. The word stuck in her mind and contributed to her feelings from this time that she was deficient in something that would meet the general desire. She found out what it was; it was a congenital tendency to the production of a substance to which Moddle, her nurse, gave a short, ugly name, a name painfully associated with the part of the joint, at dinner, that she did not like. She had left behind her the time when she had no desires to meet, none at least save Moddle's who, in Kensington Gardens, was always on the bench when she came back to see if she had been playing too far. Moddle's desire was merely that she should not do that, and she met it so easily that the only spots in that long brightness were the moments of her wondering what would become of her if, on her coming back, there should be no Moddle on the bench. They still went to the gardens, but there was a difference even there; she was impelled perpetually to look at the legs of other children and ask her nurse if *they* were toothpicks. Moddle was terribly truthful; she always said: "Oh, my dear, you'll not find such another pair as your own!" It seemed to have to do with something else that Moddle often said: "You'll feel the strain—that's where it is; and you'll feel it still worse, you know."

Thus, from the first, Maisie not only felt it, but knew that she felt it. A part of it was the consequence of her father's telling her that he felt it too, and telling Moddle, in her presence, that she must make a point of driving her home. She was familiar, at the age of six, with the fact that everything had been changed on her account, everything ordered to enable him to give himself up to her. She was to remember always the words in which Moddle impressed upon her that he did so give himself; "Your papa wishes you never to forget, you know, that he had been dreadfully put about." If the skin on Moddle's face had, to Maisie, the air of being unduly, almost painfully stretched, it never presented that appearance so much as when she uttered, as she often had occasion to utter, such words. The child wondered if they did not make it hurt more than usual; but it was only after some time that she was able to attach to the picture of her father's sufferings, and more particularly to her nurse's manner about them, the meaning for which these things had waited. By the time she had grown sharper, as the gentlemen who criticised her calves used to say, she found in her mind a collection of images and echoes to which meanings were attachable—images and echoes kept for her in the childish dusk, the dim closet, the high drawers, like games she was not yet big enough to play. The great strain meanwhile was that of carrying, by the right end, the things her father said about her mother—things mostly, indeed, that Moddle, on a glimpse of them, as if they had been com-

plicated toys or difficult books, took out of her hands and put away in the closet. It was a wonderful assortment of objects of this kind that she discovered there later, all tumbled up too with the things, shuffled into the same receptacle, that her mother had said about her father.

She had the knowledge that on a certain occasion which every day brought nearer, her mother would be at the door to take her away, and this would have darkened all the days if the ingenious Moddle had not written on a paper, in very big, easy words, ever so many pleasures that she would enjoy at the other house. These promises ranged from a "mother's fond love" to a "nice poached egg to your tea," and took by the way the prospect of sitting up ever so late to see the lady in question dressed in silks and velvets and diamonds and pearls to go out; so that it was a real support to Maisie, at the supreme hour, to feel that, by Moddle's direction, the paper was thrust away in her pocket and there clenched in her fist. The supreme hour was to furnish her with a vivid reminiscence, that of a strange outbreak, in the drawing-room, on the part of Moddle, who, in reply to something her father had just said, cried aloud; "You ought to be perfectly ashamed of yourself—you ought to blush, sir, for the way you go on!" The carriage, with her mother in it, was at the door; a gentleman who was there, who was always there, laughed out very loud; her father, who had her in his arms, said to Moddle: "My dear woman, I'll settle you presently!" after which he repeated, showing his teeth more than ever at Maisie while he hugged her, the words for which her nurse had taken him up. Maisie was not at the moment so fully conscious of them as of the wonder of Moddle's sudden disrespect and crimson face; but she was able to produce them, in the course of five minutes, when, in the carriage, her mother, all kisses, ribbons, eyes, arms, strange sounds and sweet smells, said to her: "And did your beastly papa, my precious angel, send any message to your own living mamma?" Then it was that she found the words spoken by her beastly papa to be, after all, in her little bewildered ears, from which, at her mother's appeal, they passed, in her clear, shrill voice, straight to her little innocent lips. "He said I was to tell you, from him," she faithfully reported, "that you're a nasty, horrid pig!"

II.

In that lively sense of the immediate which is the very air of a child's mind, the past, on each occasion, became, for her, as indistinct as the future; she surrendered herself to the actual with a good faith that might have been touching to either parent. Crudely as they had calculated, they were at first justified by the event; she was the little feathered shuttlecock that they fiercely kept flying between them. The evil they had the gift of thinking, or pretending to think, of each other, they poured into

her little gravely-gazing soul as into a boundless receptacle; and each of them had doubtless the best conscience in the world as to the duty of teaching her the stern truth that should be her safeguard against the other. She was at the age when all stories are true and all conceptions are stories. The actual was the absolute; the present alone was vivid. The objugation, for instance, launched in the carriage by her mother after she had at her father's bidding, punctually performed, was a missive that dropped into her memory with the dry rattle of a letter falling into a pillar-box. Like the letter, it was, as part of the contents of a well-stuffed postbag, delivered in due course at the right address. In the presence of these overflows, after they had continued for a couple odd years, the associates of either party sometimes felt that something should be done for what they called "the real good, don't you know?" of the child. The only thing done, however, in general, took place when it was sighingly remarked that she fortunately was n't all the year round where she happened to be at the awkward moment, and that, furthermore, either from extreme cunning or from extreme stupidity, she appeared not to take things in.

The theory of her stupidity, eventually embraced by her parents, corresponded with a great date in her small, still life, the complete vision, private but final, of the strange office she filled. It was literally a moral revolution, and it was accomplished in the depth of her nature. The stiff dolls on the dusky shelves began to move their arms and legs; old forms and phrases began to have a sense that frightened her. She had a new feeling, the feeling of danger; on which a new remedy rose to meet it, the idea of an inner self, or in other words of concealment. She puzzled out with imperfect signs, but with a prodigious spirit, that she had been a centre of hatred and a messenger of insult, and that everything was bad because she had been employed to make it so. Her parted lips locked themselves with the determination to be employed no longer. She would forget everything, she would repeat nothing, and when, as a tribute to the successful application of her system, she began to be called a little idiot, she tasted a pleasure altogether new. When, therefore, as she grew older, her parents in turn, in her presence, announced that she had grown shockingly dull, it was not from any real contraction of her little stream of life. She spoiled their fun, but she practically added to her own. She saw more and more; she saw too much. It was Miss Overmore, her first governess, who, on a momentous occasion, had sown the seeds of secrecy, sown them not by anything she said, but by a mere roll of those fine eyes which Maisie already admired. Moddle had become, at this time, after alterations of residence of which the child had no clear record, an image faintly embalmed in the remembrance of hungry disappearances from the nursery and distress-

ful lapses in the alphabet, sad embarrassments, in particular, when invited to recognize something that her nurse called "the important letter haich." Miss Overmore, however hungry, never disappeared; this marked her somehow as a being more exalted, and the character was confirmed by a prettiness that Maisie supposed to be extraordinary. Mrs. Farange had said that she was almost too pretty, and some one had asked what that mattered so long as Beale was n't there. "Beale or no Beale," Maisie had heard her mother say in reply, "I take her because she's a lady and yet awfully poor. Rather nice people, but there are seven sisters at home. What do people mean?"

Maisie did n't know what people meant, but she knew very soon all the names of all the sisters; she could say them off better than she could say the multiplication-table. She privately wondered, moreover, though she never asked, about the awful poverty, of which her companion also never spoke. Food, at any rate, came up by mysterious laws; Miss Overmore never, like Moddle, had on an apron, and when she ate she held her fork with her little finger curled out. The child, who watched her at many moments, watched her particularly at that one; "I think you're lovely," she often said to her; even mamma, who was lovely, too, had not such a pretty way with the fork. Maisie associated this showier presence with her now being 'big,' knowing of course that nursery-governesses were only for little girls who were not, as she said 'really' little. She vaguely knew, further, somehow, that the future was still bigger than she, and that a part of what made it so was the number of governesses lurking in it, and ready to dart out. Everything that had happened when she was really little was dormant, everything but the positive certitude, bequeathed, from afar, by Moddle, that the natural way for a child to have her parents was separate and successive, like her mutton and her pudding, or her bath and her nap.

"Does he know that he lies?"—that was what she had vivaciously asked Miss Overmore on the occasion which was so suddenly to lead to a change in her life.

"Does who know—?" Miss Overmore stared; she had a stocking pulled over her hand, and was pricking at it with a needle which she poised in the act. Her task was homely, but her movement, like all her movements, graceful.

"Why, papa."

"That he 'lies'—?"

"That's what mamma says I am to tell him—that he lies and he knows he lies." Miss Overmore turned very red, though she laughed out till her head fell back; then she pricked again at her muffled hand so hard that Maisie wondered how she could bear it. "Am I to tell him?" the child went on. It was then that her companion addressed her in the unmistakable language of a pair of eyes of deep dark gray.

"I can't say no," they replied as distinctly as possible; "I can't say no, because I'm afraid of your mamma, do n't you see? Yet how can I say yes, after your papa had been so kind to me, talking to me so long the other day, smiling and flashing his beautiful teeth at me the time we met him in the Park, the time when, rejoicing at the sight of us, he left the gentleman he was with and turned and walked with us, stayed with us for half an hour?" Somehow, in the light of Miss Overmore's lovely eyes, that incident came back to Maisie with a charm it had n't had at the time, and this in spite of the fact that after it was over her governess had never but once but alluded to it. On their way home, when papa had quitted them, she had expressed the hope that the child would n't mention it to mamma. Maisie liked her so, and had also the charmed sense of being liked by her, that she accepted this remark as settling the matter and wonderingly conformed to it. The wonder now lived again, lived in the recollection of what papa had said to Miss Overmore. "I've only to look at you to see that you're a person to whom I can appeal to help me to save my daughter." Maisie's ignorance of what she was to be saved from did n't diminish the pleasure of the thought that Miss Overmore was saving her. It seemed to make them cling together.

III

She was therefore all the more startled when her mother said to her, in connection with something to be done before her next migration: "You understand, of course, that she's not going with you."

Maisie turned quite faint. "Oh, I thought she was!"

"It does n't matter in the least, you know, what you think!" Mrs. Farange loudly replied, "and you had better, indeed, for the future, Miss, learn to keep your thoughts to yourself!"

This was exactly what Maisie had already learned, and the accomplishment was just the source of her mother's irritation. It was of a horrid little critical system, a tendency, in her silence, to judge her elders that this lady suspected her, liking, as she did, for her own part, a child to be simple and confiding. She liked also to hear the report of the whacks she administered to Mr. Farange's character, to his pretensions to peace of mind; the satisfaction of dealing them diminished when nothing came back. The day was at hand, and she felt it, when she should feel more delight in hurling Maisie at him than in snatching her away; so much so that her conscience winced under the acuteness of a candid friend who had remarked that the real end of all their tugging would be that each parent would try to make the little girl a burden to the other—a sort of game in which a fond mother clearly would n't show to advantage. The prospect of not showing to advantage, a distinction in

which she held that she had never failed, begot in Ida Farange an ill-humor of which several persons felt the effect. She determined that Beale, at any rate, should feel it; she reflected afresh that in the study of how to be odious to him she must never give way. Nothing could incommode him more than not to get the good, for the child, of a nice female appendage who had clearly taken a fancy to her. One of the things Ida said to the appendage was that Beale's was a house in which no decent woman could consent to be seen. It was Miss Overmore herself who explained to Maisie that she had a hope of being allowed to accompany her to father's, and that this hope had been dashed by the way her mother took it. "She says if I ever do such a thing as enter *bis* service, I must never, in this house, expect to show my face again. So I've promised not to attempt to go with you. If I wait patiently till you come back here we shall certainly be together again."

Waiting patiently, and above all waiting till she should come back there seemed to Maisie a long way round—it reminded her of all the things she had been told, first and last, that she should have, if she would be good, and that, in spite of her goodness, she had never had at all. "Then who will take care of me at papa's?"

"Heaven only knows, my own precious!" Miss Overmore replied, tenderly embracing her. There was indeed no doubt that she was dear to this beautiful friend. What could have proved it better than the fact that before a week was out, in spite of their distressing separation and her mother's prohibition and Miss Overmore's scruples and Miss Overmore's promise, the beautiful friend had turned up at her father's? The little lady already engaged to come there by the hour, a fat, dark little lady with a foreign name and dirty fingers, who wore, throughout, a bonnet that had at first given her a delusive air of not staying long, besides asking her pupil questions that had nothing to do with lessons, questions that Beale Farange himself, when two or three were repeated to him, admitted to be awfully vulgar—this strange apparition faded before the bright creature who had braved everything for Maisie's sake. The bright creature told her little charge frankly what had happened—that she had really been unable to hold out. She had broken her vow to Mrs. Farange; she had struggled for three days, then she had come straight to Maisie's papa and told him the simple truth. She adored his daughter; she could n't give her up; she would make any sacrifice for her. On this basis it had been arranged that she should stay; her courage had been rewarded; she left Maisie in no doubt as to the amount of courage she had required. Some of the things she said made a particular impression on the child—her declaration, for instance, that when her pupil should get older she would understand better just how "dreadfully bold" a

young lady, to do exactly what she had done, had to be.

"Fortunately your papa appreciates it; he appreciates it *immensely*"—that was one of the things Miss Overmore also said, with a striking insistence on the adverb. Maisie herself was no less impressed with what her friend had gone through; especially after hearing of the terrible letter that had come from Mrs. Farange. Mamma had been so angry that, in Miss Overmore's own words, she had loaded her with insult—proof enough indeed that they must never look forward to being together again under mamma's roof. Mamma's roof, however, had its turn, this time, for the child, of appearing but remotely contingent; so that, to reassure her, there was scarce a need of her companion's secret, solemnly confided—the idea that there should be no going back to mamma at all. It was Miss Overmore's private conviction, and a part of the same communication, that if Mr. Farange's daughter would only show a really marked preference she would be backed up by 'public opinion' in holding on to him. Poor Maisie could scarcely grasp that incentive, but she could surrender herself to the day. She had conceived her first passion, and the object of it was her governess. It had not been put to her, and she could n't, or at any rate she did n't, put it to herself, that she liked Miss Overmore better than she liked papa; but it would have sustained her under such an imputation to feel herself able to reply that papa too liked Miss Overmore exactly as much. He had particularly told her so, and besides, she could easily see it.

(To be continued.)

SHEKINAH

I AM God's temple. In my breast
Where beats my helpless, hurrying heart
That at such futile joys will start,
And stop because death's hand is pressed
Too close, He dwells, my royal guest.
Oh, great cathedrals rich with art!
I am your lowly counterpart.
And your high altars no more blessed
Than this poor, supplicating frame
In which all mortal ills are rife;
I too am hallowed by His name,
And here I bear through sin and strife
A spark of the encircling flame,
A breath of the eternal life.

ANN DEVOORE.



REVIEWS

A BOOK WORTH WHILE

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY. THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD.—J. M. Barrie. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

HOW is it possible to be academic and at the same time keep in touch with real life? How can one who tries to be ever looking before and after along the great traditions of art, be sure that he is not losing quick sympathy with what is newest and most glancingly current in the best literature of the day? These questions must make every critic, who lives much in libraries, hesitate, when he chances on the last popular book and has to try to tell himself what he thinks of it. Popularity? Alas, it is part of his very theory of life that *vox populi* is at least seven-eighths of the time *vox diaboli*. A book is popular? Forthwith, the critic finds himself surlily running over in his mind the last fifty books that in the last twenty-five years have been popular, the places whereof now know them no more. And this last "popular book," whatever it may be? Is it but one more morbid whim of the ever petulant popular fancy?

Sentimental Tommy comes to critics with this dubious recommendation of popularity. The London *Academy* lists of book-sales during the past few weeks have been placing Mr. Barrie's novel among the four or five books of which the sales have been largest in the United Kingdom. Is this a vulgarizing popularity? Or is it a real proof of the worth of the book? Has popular instinct this time been guilty of one of its happy coincidences and really detected literary worth?

As regards his answers to these questions even the most recalcitrant critic will not long be in doubt, after his reading of *Sentimental Tommy* once begins. He will, to be sure, find chances for enough carping to enable him to maintain his self-respect; he will probably quarrel with the story's capricious movement, with its insistence on trivial details, with its lack of any distinctively intellectual quality, with its untiring devotion to sentiment. But he will nevertheless have to admit—and he will make the admissions more and more readily as his reading goes forward—that the book is temperamental, has a thoroughly individual charm, and is very genuine and very winning literature. Moreover, what makes the book popular is also what makes it eminently worth while from a literary point of view,—the volatility of the fancy that plays restlessly through its pages. This it is that both occasions and largely justifies all the story's irregularities of presentation and structure and its whimsical dawdling in the midst of inanities. Like a ray of light from a mirror, Mr. Barrie's fancy glances over the crude, dull surface of life, and gives it a swift charm and a new challenging meaning. It

even persuades us to accept, conscious or unconscious of their essential absurdity, the improbabilities of the story, and Mr. Barrie's wilful exaggerations of phrase and of mood. The man in the moon's morbid interest in Thrums, Tommy's boast, when Shovel seats himself on him, of the way they knock down in Thrums, the Painted Lady's lime-light apparitions, Corps's ungentle dullness in many of its more grotesque manifestations, the four or five chapters of play-acting in the midst of the story: these are matters that in and for themselves the unregenerate reader would find it hard to reconcile himself to. But as Mr. Barrie's imagination glances over their absurdities and tricks them out in prettily contrasting and fantastical colors, we forget to carp and are content to be beguiled into belief.

Whimsically wayward in its development, the story certainly is—confessedly so. It has its wilful delays, its reckless accelerations, its capricious outreachings after new material. In the thirty-fourth chapter—there are only thirty-seven—two new characters “suddenly present themselves to the” author “in the most sympathetic light.” Nor is it easy for him to content himself with the two or three paragraphs of facts about them that his conscience,—this time exceptionally active as artistic death draws near,—limits him to. This whimsicality of movement does not reach the extreme that we find in Sterne where retrogression becomes the law and the writer visibly glories in his crab-like accomplishment. Yet, as with Sterne, so with Mr. Barrie, incidents, whatever they are, have interest and value chiefly because of the humour or pathos that they may be teased into giving up; it is not so much the causal sequences of things as their moral or emotional tone-color that determines their place in Mr. Barrie's story. Accordingly, forthright development of action and orderly evolution of character are little regarded or sought.

Nevertheless, the characters, many of them, grow very real as we follow them through the changing lights and shades that Mr. Barrie's fancy casts upon them. Jean Myles, Elspeth, Corp, Miss Ailie, gruff Dr. McQueen, the diplomatic and accomplished McLean, all recommend themselves to us gradually as genuine bodily presences, and shape themselves into consistent personalities without our well knowing how. No doubt, at times, they seem used for rather conventionally sentimental purpose, or seem on the point of being so used; and yet almost invariably as we are just ready to protest at the obviously external manipulation, some quaint unexpected quality gleams out in the action or incident, and authenticates it as a genuine expression of character, a real revelation of a new complex individuality.

As for Tommy himself what shall we say of him? For one thing we would whisper in his ear while he is still but a lad, a couple of sententious warnings from Stendhal's *Le Rouge et le Noir*: “Ta carrière

sera pénible.” . . . “Eh! bien, j'ai assez vécu pour voir que différence engendre haine.” Tommy seems likely to find in life some rough passages, unless he learns to conform to the ways of his fellows. To egoistic Tommies the world often proves itself “gey ill to live wi’,” as Carlyle's mother used to call Carlyle. Yet after all Tommy has a good many resources; his play-acting instinct and his delight in life as a curious spectacle will doubtless take him tidily through many superficially annoying situations; and so long as he can be sure of a certain amount of admiration and love from those whose opinion he really values, and so long as he can feel convinced in his inmost heart that he deserves his own applause, he is not likely to care very much for conventional success. But enough of Tommy who certainly at times wearies us as a figure in his own biography. “Peace to all such.”

Grizel, poor, hungry-hearted creature, would easily serve as a text for much sentimental rhodomontade. Her loyalty, her ignorance, her pride, her gratitude, they are all very real and all very touching,—symbolic too, if one is in a mood for vaulting generalizations. How much love runs waste in the world. Who shall devise a scheme for making use of the hearts of good women? The scene where Dr. McQueen succumbs to the little housewife's pathetic womanliness and convinces her of his need of her ministrations, is one of the best in the book. Moreover, the scene is distinctly truthful and persuasive; whereas, such scenes as those where Grizel postures in the neighbourhood of the Painted Lady, make an admirer of Mr. Barrie wish that, in his youth, Mr. Barrie had gone in more for mathematics and had cultivated more conscientiously his instinct for the probable.

The pitiful maladjustments of life have evidently a fascination for Mr. Barrie. Throughout this book he is aware of the evil tricks that prejudice and the uncanny censoriousness of men are apt to play to the innocent; he pleads indirectly for justice and would mitigate the crass judgements of intolerant worldly-mindedness. *Sentimental Tommy* ought to do much to remedy that blindness of heart and dullness of sympathy to which we are the best of us prone.

Mr. Barrie's style has a twinkling inconsequence that is very characteristic. There is something birdlike in its way of dabbling at an object and at once darting off elsewhere. It is a nervously eager style, that is always on the watch for the little excrescences of life, its picturesque perching-places, and is comparatively unaware of its great level spaces, its real structure, its essential forms. It goes with delicate waywardness from tempting point to point,—continually on the lookout for a morsel of humor or pathos.

It is distinctly not a sophisticated style, despite its mastery. Rarely is there a passage in Mr. Barrie's writings that one lingers over simply and solely for the sake of the phrasing. Not that his

style does not give evidence of a delicately sure manipulation of language. But on the one hand, his style lacks that penetrating acerbity which a convincingly intellectual style must have; and on the other hand, it lacks the distinction of the style that prevails on us with sheer beauty. Exquisitely delicate in its response to moods and in its fine adjustment to the configurations of Mr. Barrie's image of life, it surely is. Perhaps it is at its best where it expresses bright buoyancy of temper, tenderness of insight, or wilfully whimsical humour. It is never mannered, never ornate, and yet always finely, or at least surely, wrought, always sensitive, pellucid and competent. For some tastes, it may be at times a bit unreticent and effervescent; but this is the tradition of sentimentalism, and Mr. Barrie is too much of an artist not to be true to a tradition.

THE COMPLETE SNOB

THE COMPLETE BACHELOR: MANNERS FOR MEN.—
By the Author of the "As Seen by Him" Papers.
18mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

WHEN several years ago an inscrutable Providence wrested from the hand of Mr. Ward McAllister his golden pen, thus ending his remarkable series of Sunday letters in the *New York World*, many of us felt that the loss to periodical literature was irreparable. Within the past two or three years, however, I have grown to feel that the public taste, morals and manners were again being influenced for the good by the labours of three gentle enthusiasts: in the language of the forum—need I say that I refer to Mr. William Dean Howells of *Harper's Weekly*, to Miss Ruth Ashmore of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and last, but by no means least, to "The Author"—as he modestly calls himself—"of the 'As Seen by Him' Papers," published in a periodical called, I believe, *Vogue*.

"The Author of the As Seen by Him Papers" (the malicious imp who trims my pen keeps prompting me to call the gentleman the Ass Seen by Himself, but the subject is too important for trifling) has just published a book, with the assistance of D. Appleton and Company, entitled "*The Complete Bachelor*." In it are given a sufficient number of social instructions to keep any able-bodied young person who is out of employment busy at least twenty-four hours a day. I must, however, caution the public against believing this a mere vulgar "book of etiquette," like Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*,—Lord Chesterfield had not what our author calls "the New York standpoint." No; the author is a man with a mission. "I only desired," he says, "that this book should be a help to my readers in any dilemma of social import, and if I shall have proved of assistance, I shall feel that my mission has been accomplished."

Although lack of space forbids a careful analysis, I am able to give a few of the more noteworthy passages of the book. "For cleansing purposes," says our author, in his chapter on the Bachelor's Toilet, "tepid water is best, or a mixture of hot and cold to take the chill off." And some pages further on—"Your nail and tooth brushes and soap go on the wash-hand stand" (the extra syllable is most agreeable). There is but one important omission in his chapter: he does not tell us what kind of face-powder should be used. Personally, I prefer the "Grande Duchesse"—the pale pink tint—manufactured by Viardot at Fils. The heliotrope scented is the most pleasing (I have found that scented with musk enervating).

In the chapter on "The Country House" our author's hints on the amount of raiment a visitor should carry with him are exceptionally well thought out. I give his final words: "I have given rather a liberal allowance of articles for a short stay, but one must be prepared for accidents or emergencies. It is better to take an extra shirt, or a change of underclothes, or a few more ties than one could ordinarily use, so that some *contretemps* would not cause great annoyance and inconvenience." He also adds, "Your host or hostess should provide you with soap, but I would not take the risk." I cannot too strongly commend all this to visiting bachelors. I myself, through inadvertence, once took but a single pair of stockings (in a case like this it is best to be perfectly frank) on a week's visit to a country house. It was one of those delicate social experiments that a man rarely repeats. Luckily my host's fifth groom's second-man was a person of resources.

But our author is, perhaps, at his best in his chapter on "The Bachelor's Servants." He reminds me, oddly enough, of that never-to-be-forgotten M. Tom Henry, *valet de chambre du duc de Leicester*, of whom M. Henri Lavedan tells us. You will remember that this miraculous servant, in his little brochure on the whole duty of valets, wrote, among other things, the following:

"Faire sentir au Prince, par un jeu discret d'allées et venues, qu'il n'est pas seul ici-bas—et attendre les ordres." . . . "Si le Prince parle au lit, l'écouter. Respectueusement, mais sans bassesse; tous deux nous avons une âme!"

Now our own author gives us something of the same idea from the master's point of view:

"Encourage your servants now and then by a kind word, and see that they have good and wholesome food, clean and comfortable quarters. Once in a while give them a holiday, or an evening off, a cash remembrance at Christmas, and from time to time some part of your wardrobe or cast-off clothing. They are just like children, and must be treated with the rigor and mild discipline which a schoolmaster uses toward his pupils." In other words, it cannot be stated too plainly that no gentle-

man should beat his servant about the head and breast,—*tous deux nous avons une âme*.

There remains but to felicitate the author on his unusually wide range. Opening the index at random I note in a single inch references to the following topics treated in the text:

"Nails, 20.

Napkin, proper use of, 63.

Nervous people at table, 63.

Nobility, addressing, 167, 168.

Omnibus, Paris and London, 166.

Olives, how to eat, 69."

The style of the book is exceptionally delightful; the frequent ungrammatical passages but add a charm, like the patches upon a damask cheek. As for the author's wisdom, I can only quote from Walt Whitman's "Night on the Prairies," and exclaim,

"How plenteous! how spiritual! how resumé."

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.—By George Santayana.
12mo. New York: Cbas. Scribner's Sons.
\$1.50.

THE most difficult accomplishment in Mr. Santayana's "Sense of Beauty" is the statement in sane English of the principles of æsthetics usually obscured by metaphysicians, psychologists or writers on ethics. A natural accompaniment of the comprehensibility of the language is the completeness of the thought, and among books dealing with fundamental principles it is indeed rare to find one in which there is no idea not successfully thought out into simplicity. Mr. Santayana says of the Platonists: "They turn their discoveries into so many revelations, and the veil of the infinite and absolute soon covers their little light of specific truth. Sometimes, after patient digging, the student comes upon the treasure of some simple fact, some common experience, beneath all their mystery and unction." Simple facts and common experience, as noticeable in amount as in quality, are given here with rare power of analysis, taste and literary feeling. "I have studied sincerity rather than novelty . . . My effort throughout has been to recall those fundamental feelings, the orderly extension of which yields sanity of judgment and distinction of taste."

In spite of its merits of style the book is not one for an easy reading. The attention of the reader who does not care strongly for the matters discussed will flag, because the style, although often fresh and happy, lacks those appeals to emotion and fancy which are needed to give wide human interest. Relying mainly on the reason, it lacks momentum. Its structure is rather mathematical than beautiful, and it seems to develop the proof without strengthening the impression. The language is not as distinguished as the thought, nor as beautiful as in

some of Mr. Santayana's shorter essays, yet at times it has uncommon merits which appear especially when he leaves the careful and exact exposition of disputed principles to allow himself a little literary expansion. The casual references to poets, to Whitman, Homer, Keats, Shakespeare, always have beauty and suggestion, and show literary gifts that might well be used more frequently in direct literary criticism. "The whole Homeric world is clean, clear, beautiful and providential," may do as a suggestion of the aptness of characterization. But the style is not always so admirable. That a writer who has thought over the thoughts of all kinds of philosophers so thoroughly that they become simple, personal and original, should often use stiff words instead of beautiful ones, and fail to add to the clearness and coherence a steady beauty of phrase and accumulation of effect—leads one to regret that so good a book was not better.

The thought itself is convincing and fertile, and no man caring much for the analysis of fundamental feelings can afford to miss it. In speaking of the theory that æsthetic effects are but suggestions of moral excellences, he says: "The impression of a straight line differs in a certain almost emotional way from that of a curve, as those of various curves do from one another . . . To attribute the character of these forms to association would be like explaining sea-sickness as the fear of shipwreck." Of the mystical idea of infinity he says: "Our mathematical imagination is put on the rack by an attempted conception that has all the anguish of a nightmare, and probably, could we but awake, all its laughable absurdity." He calls philosophers the scouts of common sense, and he himself, never far enough from common sense to be meaningless, is often enough ahead of it to give valuable guidance to the reader's thought. "Mythology and theology are the most striking illustrations of this human method of incorporating much diffuse experience into graphic and picturesque ideas; but steady reflection will hardly allow us to see anything else in the theories of science and philosophy."

The only one of Mr. Santayana's opinions which does not seem convincing to the reviewer is that sex alone explains the generation of the sense of beauty. Why should not that sense be an overflow from many activities of life in which visible attributes of objects stand at first for their desirability for a particular purpose; for instance, from the pursuit of food? In general it may be said that the greatest value of the thought is its truthfulness. But many will find a special charm in the writer's personal point of view, from which the great function of beauty is consolation. "The tone of the mind is permanently raised; and we live with that general sense of steadfastness and resource, which is perhaps the kernel of happiness." The writer's imagination, melancholy but eager for beauty and happiness, throws over his thoughts their most inti-

mate attractions. His study of beauty has been based on the need of it, and the result is the statement of a man to whom the problems of thought were realities which had to be solved with truth to experience in order to make happiness possible.

MATTER vs. MANNER

THE LUCKY NUMBER.—*I. K. Friedman. 16mo. \$1.25. Chicago: Way & Williams. MEG MCINTYRE'S RAFFLE AND OTHER STORIES.—Alvan F. Sanborn. 16mo. \$1.25. Boston: Copeland & Day.*

UPON a modest "settlement" in the east side of New York once descended a visitation of thirty young men. Their professor—a reputable sociologist—spoke of them as "in the prime of life." They wore "different" clothes, smelled rather agreeably of disinfectants, and carried many pencils admirably sharpened, with which they meant to observe the life colloquially and scientifically called "low" and its environment. Some could only be differentiated from ordinary folk by their use of the word "slum," but this was pathognomonic.

One is tempted to believe the author of *The Lucky Number* one of them—plus an excellent talent. Mr. Friedman has a theory of low life to which he sets his facts, selected with a distinct appeal to the lurid and abnormal. There is always red fire somewhere. This does not render it at all unlikely that the author has eaten at L'Auberge with the Doctor, or drank with the Quill while the Ballad Monger's song was sung, but he has been merely in the life, not of it. One may pull the string of one's puppets with skill, but one must beware the ventriloquist's voice, even when speaking *argot*. Mr. Friedman's people have but one note.

And yet the tales move—the story-teller's gift is there. The "row" at Devereaux's stirs one to join it, but afterward, though one clatters on, it is a skeleton-like affair—all leanness. It has no fat, no avoidupois. This is why a story like *The Magic Herb*, with a *motif* that Maupassant might have chosen, leaves one as dry as a bone. There is much of the painter's quality in this prose; bits of it sting, and glow, and are vivid with truth. But over many pages is felt the trail of the reportorial slug; in the use of such words as "fictionist" and "intense gaiety" one sees it bodily. Mr. Friedman's notebook is full of interesting things. Some of them are true. His characters get themselves about to a lively measure in a setting where the grays and whites are discarded. They are often like life, but life itself they never are. Their creator has not taken into his account the chemistry of the individual.

In Mr. Sanborn's book there is an exact reversal of methods, or rather, an eschewal of them. He tells the simple truth, and it must be confessed he tells it all. This is not a world of subtleties

and reserves. Here are people living, loving, drinking, sinning. One takes them or leaves them exactly as one does actual acquaintances. Mr. Sanborn has not the narrative power of Mr. Friedman, and his English, though perhaps surer, is less effective. But the illusion that his people are real is rarely broken. It is only when he indulges in the joy of a prejudice, as in *A Celebrated Case*, that he becomes a trifle dull and homoletic.

There are incomparable touches of nature in Mrs. Molloy and *Molly and Guiseppa* finds the secret of sorrow. If literature is "the instrument of the interpretation of one's own experiences," then may this small book stand accredited.

It is interesting and not unenlightening to take these two books together. They are curiously complementary. Indeed Mr. Sanborn and Mr. Friedman might do well in future to work together.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF PETTICOATS

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN GIRL. *By Richara Le Gallienne. 12mo. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.*

IN *The Quest of the Golden Girl*, we find Mr. Le Gallienne in his familiar pose as a pure and delicate spirit tramping through an unclean and unappreciative world in search of the Perfect Woman; to find her eventually on the streets of London. "By heaven," he exclaims when the idea of the quest strikes him, "I will take stick and knapsack and walk right away from my own front door, right away where the roads leads, and see what happens." Nothing much does happen. Through page after page of tedious rhapsody Mr. Le Gallienne plods his way among the divine Surrey hills, chatting with the greatest pleasure and comfort to himself of the ideal woman, prattling of love, and gipsies and old country inns and village weddings and the blessedness of youth and petticoats in that strain of artificial simplicity which spoils every sentence he writes. There is a passage in one of Mr. Le Gallienne's *Prose Fancies* in which he describes a grocer's assistant and a sempstress, or some such people, eating candy and making love in the gallery of a London theatre. All that the sight suggested to him was that the candy they were sucking would be certain to make their lips stick together as they kissed on their way home. It is pitiful to think that Mr. Le Gallienne should not by this time have outgrown such vulgarity. *The Quest of the Golden Girl*, has its usual share. "Every beautiful woman we see has been made out of beef-steaks." "How lovely she used to look"—the 'she' is a housemaid who, he explains, used to get up early and sit on his knee—"with the morning sun turning her hair to golden mist, and dancing in the blue deeps of her eyes; and once

when by chance she had forgotten to fasten her gown, I caught glimpses of a bosom that was like two happy handfuls of wonderful white cherries."

"I have no great desire to see Switzerland," he says, "for I am sure the Alps must be greasy with being climbed." Later on we find this beautiful passage: "It was in this genial attitude of mind that I strolled up the quaint circular staircase to fetch Fielding from my room, and, shade of Tom Jones! what should be leaving my room, as I advanced to enter it, but—well, it's no use, resolutions are all very well, but facts are facts, especially when they're natural and here was I face to face with the most natural little natural fact and withal, the most charming and merry-eyed, that—well, in short, as I came to enter my room I was confronted by the roundest, ruddiest little chambermaid ever created for the trial of mortal frailty." The trouble with Mr. Le Gallienne is that he tries hard to be wicked and only succeeds in being vulgar. He would have us think him no end a fellow at home and we persist in looking on him as a rather foolish, weak-minded young man with not even enough strength of character to be consistently immoral. He takes pains to work up to a risky situation but avoids the crisis along a side-track of innuendo and suggestion in the double hope of saving himself and satisfying his readers. The honest animalism of Fielding and the perfect sensuality of Walt Whitman give to us the impression of a cleaner mind than these sickly, half-ventured hints. There is not much harm in a nude statue, but it does become suggestive when a garter is tied round its knee. Mr. Le Gallienne has made a study of the tying of literary garters. His outbursts are too frequent to be pardoned as lapses. The plain truth is that Mr. Le Gallienne is at bottom irrevocably vulgar. You can never be certain that he will not burst through his trappings of refinement and make himself intolerably offensive. His love for literature is of the sentimental and not the critical or scientific kind. It has filled his mind with images and left his nature untouched. No one without a solid basis of vulgarity could write as Mr. Le Gallienne does.

Only when Mr. Le Gallienne tries to think does he become in truth the child he so often fancies himself. His attempts at humor, at sarcasm, at reasoning are in the highest degree pathetic. Listen to him on the subject of village life. "The dramatic instinct to which the life of towns is necessarily unfavorable, is kept alive in the country by the smallness of the stage and the fewness of the actors. A village is an organism conscious of its several parts, as a town is not. In a village everybody is a public man. The great events of his life are of public as well as private significance, appropriately, therefore, invested with public ceremonial. Thus, used to living in the public eye, the actors carry off their parts at weddings and other dramatic ceremonials, with more spirit than is easy to a townsman; who

is naturally made self-conscious by being suddenly called upon to fill for a day a public position for which he has had no training." One more extract will be enough for our purpose. Mr. Le Gallienne resolves to cast off the weight of his thirty years and be young again. "From this moment I abjure pessimism and cynicism in all their forms, put from my mind all considerations of the complexities of human life, unravel all by a triumphant optimism which no statistics can abash or criticism dishearten. I likewise undertake to divest myself entirely of any sense of humour that may have developed within me during the baneful experiences of the last ten years and in short, will consent for the future to be nothing that is not perfectly perfect and pure. These, I take it, are the fundamental conditions of being young again." Now, examine these two passages; note the insight, the range of observation, the humor, the literary grace; and imagine yourself in pleased possession of a book in which these qualities are scattered over a hundred different subjects throughout three hundred pages. Mr. Le Gallienne's pathos is mere caterwauling; his rhapsodies, hysteria; his sentiment, mawkishness; his outlook on life, a mixture of ignorance and effeminacy. It is impossible not to believe that his reputation and methods of work have an unhealthy influence on literature. "The obedient in art," he says very loosely and questionably, "are always the forgotten." Luckily the disobedient are not always remembered. Our account with him cannot long remain unsettled. His last book has brought him fatally to the ground. It is no longer possible to regard Mr. Le Gallienne as a literary man.

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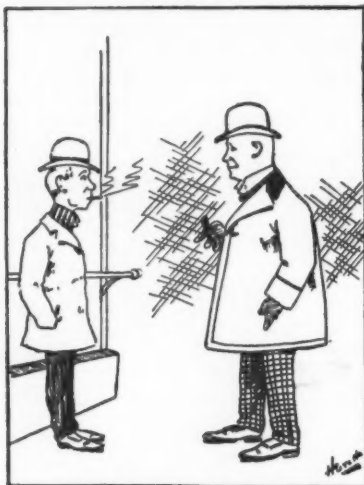
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